



“The Eagle”

•

Volume 13

June, 1945

60 CENTS



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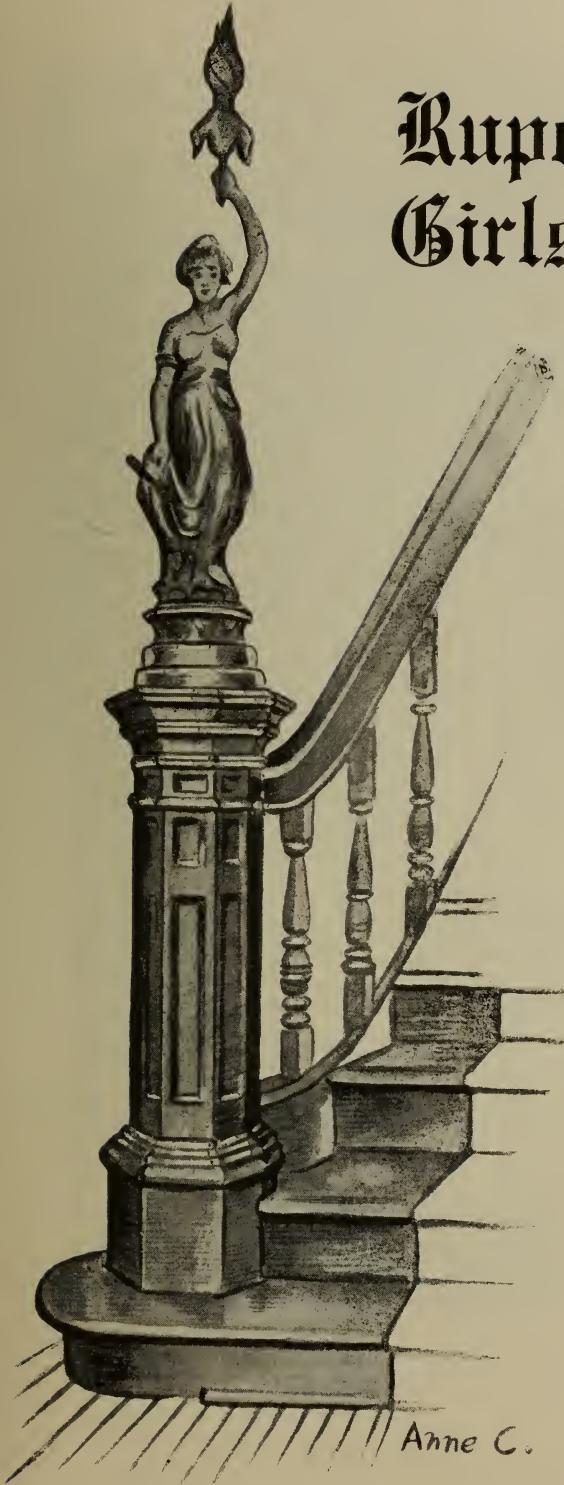
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Rupert's Land Girls' School..

“The Eagle”

Winnipeg, Man.

Volume 13
June 1945

Anne C.



THE LATE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT.

School Council, 1944-45



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School Calendar, 1944-45

1944

- Sept. 7. School opened. Welcome to Mrs. Gray, Miss Hines, Miss Murray, Mrs. Peterson.
- Sept. 26. Annual Old Girls' Prayers. Talk by Frances Douglas. Presentation of books to the School Library.
- Sept. 28. Alderman Hilda Hesson gave a talk to the seniors on the City Council.
- Sept. 29. Initiation Day.
- Oct. 5. Canon Askey read prayers and gave an address.
- Oct. 6. Rev. Bryan Green, of Brompton, London, Eng., gave an address.
- Oct. 9. Thanksgiving Day Holiday
- Oct. 12. Grade X. visited the Sugar Factory.
- Oct. 13. Matheson House Picnic; Dalton House Party.
- Oct. 20. Tea for parents—Grades VIII. - XII.
- Oct. 26. Rev. Terence J. Finlay read prayers and gave an address.
- Nov. 1. Commemoration Service at St. John's Cathedral.
- Nov. 3. Tea for parents. Kindergarten to Grade VII.
- Nov. 17. House Music Competition. Miss Ethel A. Kinley and Miss Marjorie Dillabough adjudicated. Winner—Dalton House.
- Nov. 23. Mrs. Stanley Laing gave a talk on Opportunities For Service and House Planning.
- Nov. 30. His Grace, The Archbishop of Rupert's Land gave an address.
- Dec. 18. Intermediate and Senior Christmas Parties.
- Dec. 19. Kindergarten and Junior Christmas Parties.
- Dec. 20. End of Term.

1945

- Jan. 9. Spring Term began.
- Jan. 19. Grade XII. visited the Claude Neon Ruddy Kester Factory.
- Feb. 2. Basketball Match—Present girls vs. Alumnae.
- Feb. 9. Alumnae Dance.
- Feb. 12. Home Economics students visited Eaton's Experimental Laboratory.
- Feb. 16. Variety Show.
- Feb. 17. Variety Show.
- Mar. 23. Mrs. R. F. McWilliams gave a talk on U.N.R.R.A.
- Mar. 28. End of Term. Seniors visited the Home Economics Department of the University of Manitoba.
- April 10. Summer Term began.
- April 23. Senior Chorus competed in the Musical Festival.
- April 25. Half-holiday in honor of the visit of the Governor-General and Princess Alice.
- April 30. Junior Red Cross Rally—Grades IX. and VIII. formed Guard of Honour.
- May 5. Mission Tea.
- May 8. V-E Day.
- May 10. Gymnastics Competition.
- May 15. Canon Pierce read prayers and gave an address.
- May 17. Miss Marion Collins gave a talk on "Preparation For Employment."
- May 30. Dancing and Music Recital.
- June 8. Grade X. Home Economics girls held a Tea.
- June 10. Rupert's Land Alumnae Association Service at Holy Trinity Church.
- June 15. Prize-giving and Dance for Graduates.

Miss Bartlett's Letter

MY DEAR GIRLS:

AS I write this letter, we are all looking for the announcement at almost any moment that the war in Europe is over, and that makes it quite difficult to keep anything else in mind or to settle down to ordinary, clear thinking about either the present or the future. It is very hard to imagine just how we shall feel when that great moment comes. After almost six years of war, in which we have witnessed so many terrible things, the relief at the cessation of hostilities even in one field will be very great; and our joy and thankfulness will be natural and fitting. But I am sure that every one of us realizes that there is much yet to be done. Such problems as face our statesmen, our governments and our people are greater than at any other time in history.

Many of you are wondering what part you will be able to play, and are eagerly looking forward to the time when you can assist in the solution of the world's difficulties. You can indeed begin now. Never forget the sacrifices made by so many of your own countrymen and by those who have borne the brunt of the war in Europe. And remember that that spirit of sacrifice must be kept alive if any solution to our problems is to be found. Remember, too, that each of you is involved in this. Each one must be prepared to live a life of sacrifice. This has always been so. You cannot make a success of life, in whatever sphere you may be, without sacrifice. The sooner we can all learn this, the sooner shall we see something of that "better world" about which we all dream and for which we so fervently hope. Let us then begin now to practise greater self-sacrifice in our everyday lives.

Just before I end my letter I want to say how much we who were there enjoyed the Sunday afternoon tea I held for the Alumnae, and how much we are looking forward to other teas like that. I want to urge those who are leaving to join the Alumnae Association and to come to every meeting they possibly can. We are always glad to see you, and if we cannot see you we want to hear from you. So remember to let us know where you are and what you are doing.

I was very pleased that the Senior Chorus entered the Musical Festival this year, and I hope that we shall go on year by year and do still better than we did this time. Some ten or fifteen years ago we used to compete very successfully, and then, after several years with no competition in the classes for Private Schools, we gave it up. Now we welcome the opportunity once more of joining in this great festival.

The Junior Red Cross Rally in honour of the Governor-General and Princess Alice was a great inspiration to those who were able to attend. The great gathering of four thousand young workers made us all feel that we must go on to even greater efforts on behalf of the Red Cross, and that brings me back to the idea I began with: let us practise self-sacrifice in the service of our generation and generations to come.

Yours affectionately,

ELSIE M. BARTLETT.



The Head Girl

AS we are now about to say good-bye, regretfully, to the twenty-second Head Girl in the history of the School, it seems a good moment for considering briefly that long line of Head Girls, of which Amy Best has been so worthy a member.

The whole trend of the School during the last quarter century has been towards self-government — necessarily something to be achieved gradually, rather than by sudden change. Those who are interested in autonomy, and aware of its dangers and potentialities, can see in the prefect system of the School proof of its sound development in the realization by these girl leaders that power means responsibility, the discovery and maintenance of personal standards of honour, and most of all, living lives that contribute to the welfare and happiness of the community as a whole. Gone are the days when individual progress in work or sports was considered an end in itself. Isolationism can be as real a danger in the little world of the school as in the great world of nations; life that is lived in the spirit of fellowship is a life of sharing.

I cannot write with any personal knowledge of the school careers of the first seven Head Girls. I know that they were worthy pioneers. But I have known through personal daily contact the last fifteen, and of them I can say sincerely that each, in a spirit of discovery, has built upon the progress in leadership made by her predecessors, endeavouring to make her position more truly significant in the life of the School.

Rupert's Land School was founded, as most of us know, in 1901, but not until 1923 was the machinery of Head Girl and Prefects established. This ran side by side with the House System, founded in 1929, until in 1941 the two channels of self-government were fused: the twelve prefects are now elected from the four Houses and placed, with the Sports Captain, under the leadership of the Head Girl.

For the interest of readers of this Year Book—Old Girls who will recognize their friends in the list that follows, present girls for whom some of these dates represent a shadowy epoch before they were born, and friends of the School who recognize it as the training ground of future citizens, this list has been compiled:

Past Head Girls of the School

1923-1924—Katherine Middleton	1934-1935—Mary Kate Florance
1924-1925—Ruth Tucker	1935-1936—Sheila O'Grady
1925-1926—Margaret Carey	1936-1937—Margaret Martin
1926-1927—Marjorie Hoskin	1937-1938—Beverley McVicar
1927-1928—Isobel Magill	1938-1939—Jocelyn Richardson
1928-1929—Muriel Wright	1939-1940—Leslie Florance
1929-1930—Jocelyn Botterell	1940-1941—Monica Mackersey
1930-1931—Mary Lile Love	1941-1942—Kathryn Milner
1931-1932—Jean Wells	1942-1943—Anne Cunningham
1932-1933—Katherine Saunders	1943-1944—Gertrude Eland
1933-1934—Joan Watson	1944-1945—Amy Best

And now we come to our present Head Girl, Amy Best, who has herself known twelve on that list, for she entered Kindergarten in 1933. Her scholastic record is an enviable one, for she has almost invariably headed her grade—though there was an



AMY BEST

unfortunate occurrence in Grade II, when a boy succeeded in beating her. Last June she had the distinction of winning one of the first four city Isbister Scholarships. Amy is planning to take an Arts course next year, either at Queen's or Manitoba University, and we are confident that she will continue to distinguish herself.

Amy has taken an active part in School sports, and has been on the first basketball team since 1943. She loves country life and animals, as a hobby collects (in her own words) "bugs, flowers and stamps," drives the family car, is fond of skiing. Her personality, as well as her abilities and varied interests, has fitted her well for leadership, for though quick in sympathy and understanding, she maintains an attitude of impartiality and a certain air of detachment which enables her to keep a sense of proportion and make wise decisions in moments of strain and crisis.

By the time this Year Book is in circulation another Head Girl will have been elected to succeed Amy. We wish her good success throughout 1945-1946, feeling that she will often draw on her memories of the example set by her predecessor to whom we must return for a last comment. Our best wishes follow Amy for success in her Grade XII, examinations in June: we thank her for all that she has done for us during the past year; we believe that a fine and happy life lies ahead of her.

S.L.L.T.

V-E Day

Although the actual surrender of Germany to the Allies was not made until May 8, for us in Canada, for us at Rupert's Land, V-E Day came on Monday, May 7, when we received the news that fighting in Europe had ceased. The news was greeted in school in different ways: with exultant cries, quiet tears of remembrance, stunned silence. At nine o'clock the school held a special service of Thanksgiving and Commemoration in the Assembly Hall.

In spite of the cold, driving snow that day and on May 8, there were joyful parades on the streets of Winnipeg, and outdoor celebrations. Coloured bunting billowed from numerous windows, while truck loads of exulting people rattled through the streets.

The people of Winnipeg flocked to the churches, regardless of denomination, to offer thanksgiving, and the loved ones of those who would not return were fervent in rejoicing for their friends. Those of us who went with the School to Holy Trinity will long remember that impressive service in the packed church, and the inspiring words of Mr. Finlay. Grateful

as the congregation was to God for this great victory, they realized that rededication was essential in bringing about the defeat of Japan, and a lasting peace. The speeches of Winston Churchill, President Truman and King George, throughout Tuesday, emphasized this strongly.

V-E Day in Europe was a great day; the oppressed countries were at last free from the Nazis. But, deeply thankful for their release as they are, they do not forget, and we must not forget, that to rebuild Europe and to establish lasting peace is a task even more huge than was the task of winning the war. V-E Day for the world was like standing before a massive, broken wall, once impregnable but now in ruins. The great Nazi fortress and the tower of Berlin has been smashed, and now, though in ruins, the people of Europe are eagerly peering for a sign of the dawn of peace on the horizon. They know, as we do, that peace will not be established until each person in the world has worked for it. This was the message that V-E Day gave to humanity.

JUNE SINDEN,
ELSPETH YOUNG.

Editorial

SHOCKED by the sudden death of President Roosevelt, stirred by the great victories which the Allied armies have won on every front, harrowed by the awful price which men are paying to maintain our freedom and theirs, I must now try in some way to bring the past school year into perspective. By the time that this is read the thunderstruck amazement and bewilderment created by the President's death will have abated, and the effects of that catastrophe will have been partially clarified. Meanwhile it is difficult, yet necessary, to conjecture what the next few months may hold. It is the duty of all the Senior School, as future citizens of a chaotic world, to acquire and maintain an intelligent and broad-minded outlook upon both national and international affairs; I fully realize how easy it is to see no farther than our school walls and city limits.

There has been a worth-while Red Cross effort this year, especially in the very successful bazaar held by Grades V., VI. and VII. The Juniors might remember that in only a few more years they will be the prefects, we who are now the Council only dimly recollect Old Girls, that the more a girl does the more she becomes capable of doing. The Intermediates, too, have shown considerable executive ability, initiative, and increasing maturity in outlook. Such things as knitting and sewing may seem small when compared with the magnitude of this war, but they constitute something essential which every average girl can do. As the battle for Iwo Jima fully testified, the greater the victory is, the greater are the casualties; I am fully aware that we have not done all that we could, in our circumscribed school world, to alleviate universal suffering. Therefore I urge that next September, now that peace has come within our grasp, the girls will not forget Mrs. McWilliams' excellent explanation of the aims of the U.N.R.R.A., and will, by doing their utmost, small as their individual part may seem, help to create peace in our homes and communities, in our country, and in the world.

Although the girls' war effort has not always been commendable, we have had considerable activity in other lines in our school this year. Inter-house competition, especially in sports and in our music competition, has been keen. There have been other activities too, to prevent any semblance of peaceful calm from stealing over the old building. As can be seen by a glance at the School Calendar, we had our Initiation Day in late September. Then the Staff again very kindly gave three Christmas parties, one for the juniors, one for the intermediates, and one for the seniors, which proved to be most entertaining, the senior party closing, in what is becoming a traditional manner, with the singing of Christmas Carols and Auld Lang Syne. In February of the Easter term a Variety Show was held in which the majority of the senior girls took part either as performers or as equally important stage assistants and business managers. Near the end of the Easter term the grade nines presented a most amusing play, "Sauce for the Gosling," and gave the proceeds to the Red Cross. Our Annual Mission Tea is to be held this year on the fifth of May in the Summer term, and then will come what might well be called the climax of all the activities of our School Year, Prize Giving. As in any well constructed story, we are gently brought down to earth again. This occurs a little later with a lapse of holidays and the arrival of our reports.

This year twenty-three girls from the senior singing class did something which has not been done for over ten years. We competed in the Festival against Oxford House. The test piece, "The Rising of the Lark," from Oxford House was worth 83 marks; it dropped two marks in value when we sang it. Oxford House again proved

themselves to be musically our superiors when they earned 86 marks for their own choice, the difficult setting of Schubert to "The Lord is my Shepherd," while we gave Dr. Staton 85 marks worth of "The Water of Tyne." I hope that next year the girls will enter the Festival again and make an effort to win. But whether they win or not, I have sufficient confidence in their good sportsmanship to be sure that if they do enter again they will do justice to their teacher's training and profit by the experience.

This year a School Song was composed which we are publishing in the magazine. In connection with this song, a most interesting paragraph was noticed in an old school magazine dated 1931. In her letter to the girls, Miss Millard, then Head Mistress, said this:

"For some time I have been meaning to suggest to the school that we should try to compose a School Song, or to choose one already written, for Rupert's Land. I feel that school spirit would be increased very much by our singing together a good song which in some way embodied our aims and aspiration. Will you try to help us? If you fail, I am going to suggest one of John Oxenham's, the last verse of which is:

'Ever onward to the fight,
Ever upward to the Light,
Ever true to God and Right,
Up and on!'

Those words and the ideas conveyed fit in rather well, don't you think, with our crest, the eagle, and our motto, 'Alta Petens'?"

We cannot claim for our song that it is "good"; it was written as an experiment with the idea of encouraging other suggestions. Its permanence is not anticipated, but it is an attempt to embody in some way the girls' aims, and it was received with some enthusiasm by them.

When I leave these girls and the school I will feel that I am leaving something of myself behind me, but I will also, I hope, after twelve years, be taking something of the school's aims and ideals with me. I feel that I owe the school a debt of gratitude for giving me the privilege of having such experiences as I have wandered or rushed through this year. Especially do I want to thank Miss Bartlett, Miss Sharman, and Miss Turner for their guidance and assistance throughout the year, I would probably have "gone to the dogs" without them.

A paragraph remains. When I first began to write this I had just heard of Roosevelt's death. As I finish, the San Francisco conference is embarking on its fourth day. The majority of the peoples of the world are involved in this conference and we must pray that, all nations respecting the rights of one another in a time when mercy tempers justice, generations in the very near future may be able to say that they have striven until

"The war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

AMY BEST (Head Girl).

House Notes

FIRST TERM—

	Maximum	Dalton	Jones	Machray	Matheson
Sports (Middle School Basketball)....	10	7.14	3.57	10.00	8.57
Conduct	30	27.24	27.00	27.69	27.24
Work	40	34.86	31.76	34.11	31.35
Music Competition	20	17.47	17.27	16.93	17.40
Total	100	86.71	79.60	88.73	84.56

DALTON HOUSE

Executive

PRESIDENT Miss Turner
 ASSOCIATES Miss Newton, Mrs. Purdie
 CAPTAIN June Sinden
 PREFECTS Shelagh Fisher,
 Daphne Goulding
 JUNIOR LIEUTENANTS Pat Gattey,
 Anita Aitken
 SENIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN....Daphne Goulding
 JUNIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN Louise Pellenz
 SECRETARY Pat McKnight



BY achievements in various fields, many of its members have brought honor to Dalton House this year.

Excelling scholastically, Amy Best won one of the four top Isoister Scholarships for Winnipeg last year. Throughout the year, Amy has obtained "A" standing in Grade 12, and we are very proud to have her Head Girl in our House. Another outstanding scholar is Winifred Grayston with "A" average in Grade 11.

Dalton boasts two especially musical members, one being Anita Aitken, who, with her lovely contralto voice, topped her class in the Manitoba Festival with 86 and 87 marks. Anita, as Dalton's vocal soloist in the House Festival, placed first with 89 marks. Betty-Jo Ball, our pianist, came fourth in the Manitoba Festival with 83, while her musical solo in the House competition helped Dalton to place first.

Sports enthusiasts in Dalton have distinguished themselves in many fields; Daphne Goulding, school sports captain and a prefect of Dalton, is a competent photographer and an excellent defence on the school's first basketball team; Louise Pellenz, vice-sports captain, June Sinden, house captain, and Amy Best, Head Girl, are all first team members. Pat McKnight is a guard on the second team.

Donna Armstrong won two firsts, one second, and two fourth prizes in the Regina Horse Show during the Easter Holidays.

In figure Skating Pair for Greater Winnipeg, Shelagh McKnight and her part-

ner placed second. Rosemary Henderson also proved her skating skill at the Skating Carnival.

House Captain, June Sinden, an accomplished dancer, thrilled Variety Show audiences in February with a Spanish Castanet dance.

Pat Gattey, a Junior Lieutenant, worked tirelessly back-stage during the Variety Show, contributing to its success. She also helped to plan the enjoyable Hallowe'en Party.

Dalton succeeded in winning the Shield last year. This year's results are not yet complete, so, come on Dalton!

PAT MCKNIGHT,
(Secretary).

JONES HOUSE

Executive

PRESIDENT Miss McLean
 ASSOCIATE Miss Smith
 HOUSE CAPTAIN Natalie Bate
 PREFECTS Betty Baker, Nancy Martin
 LIEUTENANTS Nancy Pearce,
 Aileen Dickinson
 SENIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN.... Margaret Killick
 JUNIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN..... Esme Nanton
 SECRETARY-TREASURER Nancy Bridgett



WITH the re-opening of school last September we greatly missed Miss Bussell who had left Rupert's Land in June and would therefore no longer be our House President. We were very pleased, however, to welcome Miss McLean as our new president, and Miss Smith as associate.

On the school basketball teams this year we have Jennifer McQueen who is the captain of the Junior team, Margaret Killick, Betty Baker and Aileen Dickinson on the Third team and Lucille Smith on the Second team, so we feel Jones to be fairly well represented.

In the music competition, held for the first time in many years this November, Jones House made a fair showing. Lucille Smith, as our pianoforte soloist, stood

SECOND TERM—

		Maximum	Dalton	Jones	Machray	Matheson
Sports	{ Senior Basketball Senior Volleyball Middle School Volleyball }	20	15.61	10.97	19.91	20.00
Conduct	40	34.59	36.44	34.74	36.22
Work	40	34.12	30.00	32.63	28.61
Total	100	84.32	77.41	87.28	84.83

first; Elaine Bathie, our singing soloist, stood third, and our choir stood fourth. In the whole competition Jones placed third. Another member of Jones House, Joan Norrie, displayed unrealized vocal prowess when she came second in her singing class in the Festival.

As yet Jones has held no social events, but we hope to have a picnic in the near future.

Again this year Jones is going to share the Assembly Hall with Machray at the annual Mission Tea to be held on Saturday, May 5th. We hope that this venture will be as successful as it has been other years.

Now, as we come to the end of another very happy year, I would like to express, on behalf of the girls of Jones House, our gratitude to Miss McLean, Miss Smith, and Natalie for their untiring efforts in the House, and to wish Jones a very prosperous and happy 1945-46, with the shield more nearly, if not entirely within our grasp.

NANCY BRIDGETT,
(Secretary-Treasurer).

MACHRAY HOUSE**Executive**

PRESIDENT	Miss Eldred
ASSOCIATE	Mrs. Gray
CAPTAIN	Elspeth Young
PREFECTS	Joan Arnold, Martha Grimble
JUNIOR LIEUTENANTS	Theo Jelly, Pat Wilson
SENIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN....	Barbara Copeland
JUNIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN	Sheila Young
SECRETARY-TREASURER	Betty Hurst



BURSTING with House Spirit after a year under enthusiastic House Captain of last year, Pat Cheshire, and our helpful President, Miss Eldred, the thirty-nine girls of Machray House began the year full of zeal. We were very glad to welcome to our House Mrs. Gray, who was soon in great demand for reading people's characters by their handwriting.

The Machray Intermediates have this year proved themselves to be the most valued members of the House, contribut-

ing many points by skilful baskets, good volleyball serves, and high academic averages.

Machray started the year in a very angelic way, by being the last House to add a black square to the detention sheet in the hall, and for this achievement, a special House meeting was called, and each girl was rewarded for her self-control by getting a ginger-snap. However, the cookies must have had upsetting effects, because soon our sheet was sprinkled with black squares!

There are some people in Machray who, this year, have been particularly notable in contributing to the success of the House. Barbara Copeland has been most capable as Senior Sports Captain; Dorothy Newman has shown skill in her volleyball serves in the Intermediate games; Jean McEachern and Rosemary Watkins have maintained very good academic standings; Miriam Baker, Jane Matheson, Sheila Young and Joan Everett have shown agility in Intermediate basketball; Martha Grimble has thrilled basketball fans with some lovely baskets, on the School's First Team.

In fact, this year the girls of Machray have shown themselves to be people of enthusiasm and integrity, and if, next year they have again stood first in marks at the end of the first two terms, they will have something to be very proud of. Come on, Machray; we know you can do it!

MATHESON HOUSE**Executive**

PRESIDENT	Miss Sharman
ASSOCIATES	Miss Speers, Mrs. Anderson
CAPTAIN	Jeanne Beatty
PREFECTS	Mildred Parry, Elspeth Thompson
JUNIOR LIEUTENANTS	Pat Liggins, Janet Knowler
SENIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN	Billie Baker
JUNIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN	Elizabeth Patton
SECRETARY-TREASURER	Nancie Tooley



THE year 1944-45 has been a successful and happy one for all the members of Matheson House, due to the capable guidance of our president, Miss Sharman, and Jeanne Beatty, the captain.

At the beginning of the year, the House had a picnic to welcome the new girls and Miss Murray, to whom we had to say good-bye during the first term. Valerie Halland also left us to go back to England, Sylvia Meadows to go to Vancouver, and Helen Gregg to go to the States.

Eleanor Mitchell trained the chorus which came first in the Musical Competition among the Houses. Shirley Hoddinott sang a solo and came second, and Nancie Tooley played the piano solo and came third. These marks totalled so that, altogether, Matheson came second in the Music Competition.

Billie Baker and Liz Patton, our Senior and Junior Sports Captains, are to be congratulated on their work. The seniors tied for first place in basketball, having Mildred Parry on the first School team,

and Billie Baker and Nancie Tooley on the second team. We also won the Senior Volleyball, and although our Intermediates had no team members, they came second in both the volleyball and the basketball.

Some of the Matheson talent was shown at the Variety Show: Doreen Ogilvie did the Sailor's Hornpipe, Eleanor Mitchell and Jeanne Beatty played piano solos, and Mildred Parry gave a very popular trumpet solo.

So, Matheson has come to the end of another successful year, thanks to the help of Miss Sharman, Miss Speers, Mrs. Anderson, Jeanne Beatty and the executive. We wish all the members of Matheson the best of luck in the future.

NANCIE TOOLEY,
(Secretary).

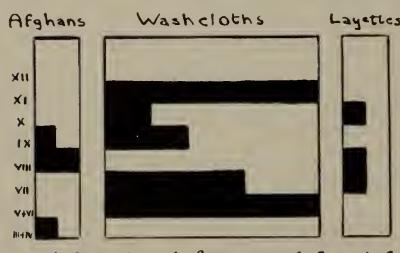
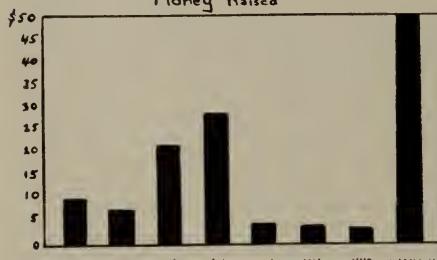
THE SCHOOL'S WAR EFFORT

September 1944 - April 1945

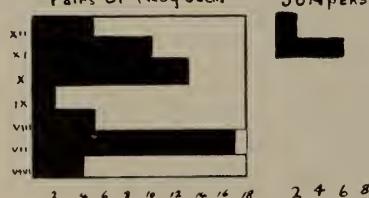
THIS year the Junior Red Cross Branches for the various grades in the school have been very active, and as the graphs show, much has been accomplished.

RED CROSS

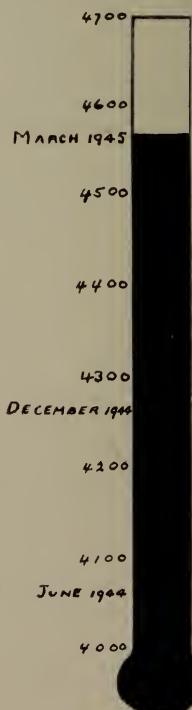
Money Raised



Pairs of Navy Socks



WAR SAVINGS



Afghans, quilts, layettes, socks and jumper dresses for British children, washcloths, hospital supplies and scrapbooks have been made, and individual war work such as packing prisoner of war parcels,

working in the Red Cross Guide Canteen and helping with salvage has been done.

The amount of money raised at the time of going to press amounts to \$120.00.

War Savings amount to \$590.25.

MARGARET KILICK.

MISSIONS

AT the end of the Christmas term the girls of the school brought toys for the Indian children in Kamsack, Saskatchewan. A large box was placed in the hall, into which books, toys, dolls, dolls' dishes, children's clothes, and trinkets were deposited.

In January, the sum of twenty-five dollars was sent to St. Matthew's Church, which was destroyed by fire, to help in its rebuilding. This money was left over from the Mission Tea which was held last year.

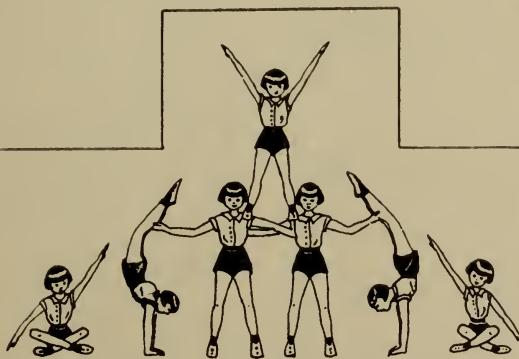
The Mission Tea this year was held on Saturday, the fifth of May. The money raised from this tea each year goes partly to the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission in India, and partly to aid in the splendid work done by the Sunday School by Post in Canada. The money which goes to India helps to support a baby in the Eva L. Jones Memorial Cot at the Canada Hospital, to pay the salary of a teacher, and to help in the education of an Indian girl at the Mission.

This year a net profit of two hundred and twenty-five dollars (almost sixty dollars more than last year) was raised at the tea, a sum of which we are all very proud. Miss Hasell very kindly brought her slides and in the Kindergarten gave an interesting talk on the work of the Sunday School by Post. We are also very grateful to Mr. M. Diamond, the father of a little boy in Grade One, who showed moving pictures, talkies, in the Art Studio. As usual, Dalton and Matheson houses held their tea in the dining-room, while Jones and Machray held theirs in the gym. Also contributing to the money raised were Mrs. Gray's character reading from handwriting, and the home-cooking stall.

We feel that our missionary effort this year has been a great success, and I am certain that the girls of our school in the coming years will continue to support the work of the missions in Canada and India.

BETTY CALVERT.

Sports



THIS year the sports at Rupert's Land have been as exciting and as enjoyable as in previous years.

Miss Faraday was absent for a short while towards the end of the Easter term but Mrs. Kobald very kindly came to our assistance.

TENNIS

There was a large entry in the Senior Tennis Tournament which was held at the end of the Summer term last year. After many good games, the tournament ended with Martha Grimble winning the finals.



FIRST AND SECOND BASKETBALL TEAMS

defeating Daphne Goulding in the two sets played, the scores being 6-4 and 8-6.

Jones House came top in the inter-house tennis with 34 points.

BASKETBALL

The girls' enthusiasm for basketball did not falter this year. The results of the inter-school games between Riverbend and St. Mary's were not always as successful as we had hoped, but this did not diminish the enjoyment we got from the games.

Here are results:

First Team—

Friday, November 17th, vs. St. Mary's (home)—won 33-30.

Friday, November 24th, vs. Riverbend (away)—lost 6-21.

Friday, February 23rd, vs. St. Mary's (away)—lost 23-30.

Friday, March 2nd, vs. Riverbend (home) —lost 22-25.

Second Team—

Friday, November 17th, vs. St. Mary's (home)—lost 16-55.

Friday, November 24th, vs. Riverbend (away)—lost 6-8.

Friday, February 21st, vs. St. Mary's (away)—lost 19-28.

Friday, March 2nd, vs. Riverbend (home) won 17-9.

Third Team—

Friday, December 1st, vs. St. Mary's (away)—lost 4-20.

Friday, December 8th, vs. Riverbend (home)—won 22-13.

Friday, January 26th, vs. St. Mary's (home)—lost 6-25.

Friday, February 2nd, vs. Riverbend (away)—lost 4-5.

Junior Team—

Friday, December 1st, vs. St. Mary's (away)—lost 5-9.

Friday, December 8th, vs. Riverbend (home)—won 24-14.

Friday, January 26th, vs. St. Mary's (home)—won 14-12.

Friday, February 2nd, vs. Riverbend (away)—lost 0-6.

The annual Old Girls' basketball game was played against the 1st and 2nd teams on February 2nd. The Old Girls succeeded in winning the second team game, although they found tough opposition. The score was 4-21.

Our 1st team had a hard time defeating the Old Girls team, but we succeeded with a score of 24-14.



THIRD AND JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAMS

There was no inter-grade basketball in the Easter term.

The Gym Competition will take place on May 10th, and Mrs. Robinson of the Y.W.C.A. and Miss Forsythe of the Normal School will be the judges.

During the Summer term we all look forward to the Deck tennis matches which promise enjoyment.

DAPHNE GOULDING,
(Sports Captain).

Guides and Brownies

THE NINTH COMPANY GIRL GUIDES

CAPTAIN Mrs. G. S. N. Gostling

Bluebird Patrol

LEADER Sheila Young
SECOND Shelagh McKnight

Red Rose Patrol

LEADER Margaret Killick
SECOND Alison Govan

Oriole Patrol

LEADER Janet Cameron
SECOND Doris Twidale

Shamrock Patrol

LEADER Ann Gostling
SECOND Jane Wallace

THIS year has been a most successful and interesting one for the Ninth Company. We welcomed many new Guides, but were sorry to lose Joy Tredennick and Valerie Halland who left us during the year to return to their homes in England.

Much has been accomplished and the following is an outline of the year's activities: Sept. 18—Opening Meeting.

Oct. 14—First Class Half Day Hike.
29—Church Parade at Grace Church.

Nov. 9—Guide Camp Reunion at All Saints' Church.

Dec. 2—District Tea held at R. L. S. to raise money for the district.

2—Brownie Fly Up — visit from our District Commissioner, Mrs. Girling.

16—First Class Mapping Tests.

- Jan. 31—Friendship book completed and taken to Guide Office for Bessborough Shield Competition.
- Feb. 15—Greater Winnipeg Patrol Leaders' Conference at which Margaret Killick was presented with her 100 Hours War Service Badge.
- 21—Visit from Flight Officer M. Weiss (W.D.), an Old Girl of the school, who taught us drill in three ranks (as done in the services).
- 22—Thinking Day (Lord Baden-Powell's birthday). Our company collected a small sum for the Thinking Day fund.
- Mar. 10—First Class Home Nursing and Thrift.
- 17—National Guide Cookie Day—our company sold 250 packages, totalling over \$60.00.
- 17—Small medicine bottles were collected to be used in the City Hospitals.
- Apr. 22—Church Parade at Christ Church.
- May 2—Visit from Mrs. Girling.
5—First Class Tests.

During the Easter term, Miss Paulson kindly taught second and first class First Aid, passing many of the Guides. We are also grateful to Mrs. Crozier, who came to teach us Morse on our newly bought buzzer. We are very much interested in this method of signalling and hope that some of us will be able to pass our Signallers' Badge.

One of our chief projects this year was compiling a "Friendship Book," containing pictures of Canadian life (industries, transportation, sports, fashions, birds, animals, stamps, pictures of our company, and flags of the many nations from which Canadians come), to be sent with others from companies throughout Manitoba to countries of liberated Europe. These books were judged for the Bessborough Shield and we were pleased to hear that we had received an honourable mention.

Ann Gostling, Margaret Killick, Mary Lou Sime, and Doris Twidale attended Guide Camp last summer, the first three at Ponemah, Lake Winnipeg, and the latter at Pike Lake, Sask. The camp was grand fun and even better than our anticipation. To make up for peeling masses of potatoes, consuming rice and raisin pudding once a week, and swatting mosquitoes, there were games, sport and stunt nights, swimming, campfires "apple-pie" beds, and midnight feasts.

This year a good deal of badge work has been done, Jane Wallace and Ann Drew have passed their second class, and several

Guides have almost completed the work for their first class badge and have earned the following proficiency badges during the year and at Guide camp: Athlete, Artist, Child Nurse, Cook, Homemaker, Hostess, Knitter, Laundress, Needlewoman, Pioneer, and Swimmer.

All in all, we have had a very successful year, and we would particularly like to thank our captain, Mrs. Gostling, who has given us so much encouragement in our work and arranged such an interesting year for us.

ANN GOSTLING.
MARGARET KILICK.

BROWNIES

*Brownies, Brownies, we are called
the Brownies,
Merrily we trip along, as we sing
our Brownie song.*

In November an enrolment and fly-up was held. Mrs. Girling, D.C., visited the pack and enrolled Helen Gregg, Elizabeth Nairnsey and Katherine Vlassie. Golden Hands were presented to Johanne Wintemute and Ruth Simonds. The visitors and parents played "Hey, Little Lassie" and "Skip To My Lou" with great abandonment, which clearly showed they could catch the Brownie magic of the afternoon.

In December the Brownies attended the District Tea which was put on by the local association for the benefit of providing uniforms for underprivileged Guides.

Shortly after this, Mrs. Oliver found it impossible to continue with the pack, and since then it has been greatly handicapped. It has been impossible to find a new permanent Brown Owl. Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Girling have done their best to keep things skipping along.

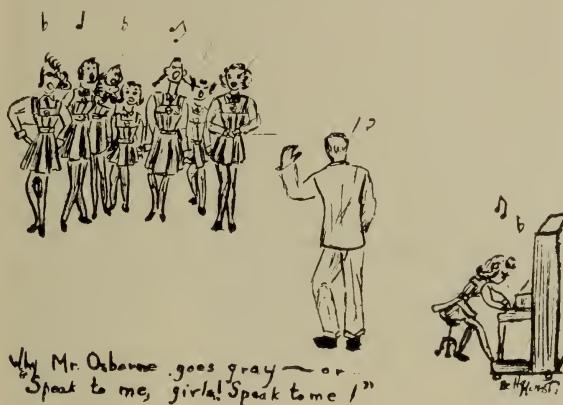
Mrs. Purdie offered to train the Golden Bar Brownies, and Delphine Davey, Elizabeth Gill, Isobel Jones, Glen Murray and Katherine Young are hoping under her inspiration to earn their Golden Hand and Wings in June.

Last week two Cadets came to our aid. Marion Swan, Brown Owl of the First Presbyterian pack, and Evelyn Murray, a former Rupertsland girl, and they have taken over as Brown Owl and Tawny Owl until the end of the year. We are hoping that by next term a Brown Owl will have been found.

To do good turns is sometimes very hard, And so we we have to be upon our guard, To do "our best" in *everything*, As well as form our Fairy Ring.

DISTRICT COMMISSIONER

The Arts



MUSIC

THIS year there has been a good deal of activity in various branches of music, which we hope will continue and develop next year.

The Music Competition between the houses, in piano, solo singing and choral singing, took place in November, and gave the girls valuable experience, especially in selecting choirs, accompanying and conducting them. Most helpful and encouraging adjudications were given by Miss Ethel Kinley and Miss Marjorie Dillabough.

Many piano students enrolled in September, and, under the tuition of Miss Helen Hines and Miss Davies have made good progress. The Studio Club met at the school in December and March, its activities culminating in the recital given for the parents in May.

A number of girls entered for competitions in the Music Festival, and in the class for girls (low voice) Anita Aitken came first, and Joan Norrie tied for second place. Although the school choir, directed by Mr. Stanley Osborne, was defeated by Oxford High School, the girls sang well, and are very grateful to Mr. Osborne for so patiently devoting much of his valuable time to training them. The Middle and Junior School has had another enjoyable year studying music with Miss Davidson.

On November 1 the seniors sang in the choir at St. John's and now they are preparing an anthem and other music for the Alumnae Service at Holy Trinity in June. Several girls have played for school prayers; particularly are we indebted to Lucille Smith for her skilful and willing hymn-playing both morning and evening.

Thanks are due to Miss Hines, Miss Davies, Miss Davidson and Mr. Osborne for all their help and encouragement.

DANCING

TO hold the annual display of dancing at Rupert's Land is quite exciting, but to take a company of thirty people two thousand miles to dance in Ottawa is really thrilling. The Winnipeg Ballet was asked to go and perform for the Recreational Association of Ottawa in their Canadian Celebrity Series. Imagine the preparation of costumes for the school display multiplied by about fifty and you will have some idea of the amount of work entailed in preparing the ballet company for a show of those proportions. In addition is the sorting of innumerable small adjuncts to every costume, such as head-dress, stockings, gloves, shoes, sashes, etc.; everything must be ironed and checked on arrival — the scenery hung and the lighting arranged.

The ballet company had a special coach on the train and everyone stayed at the Chateau Laurier Hotel in Ottawa. Many of the dancers spent their free time in the beautiful swimming pool there.

The performances were a great success, with sell-outs both evenings, and everyone in Ottawa was very kind to us, inviting the company out to parties after the performances. In addition, the people of Ottawa were extremely appreciative of the work which dancers are doing in Winnipeg.

Dancers in Rupert's Land are also helping to build up this standard of artistic work in Western Canada. The classes have done good work this year, always doing their best with what talent each girl possesses, even though it is not always very much.

The Junior Class is larger than usual, while the Intermediate Class has main-



WINNIPEG BALLET CLUB

tained its size from last season. Particularly good work has been done as usual by June Sinden, while Rosemary Henderson, Jane Wallace and Marilyn Benstock show great promise for the future. For the most improvement, the following merit great praise: Doris Twidale, Paddy Clarke, Dorothy Richardson and Joyce Dulmage.

Every dancer in the classes will take part in the display on May 30th, which we hope will be a great success.

GWENETH LLOYD.

ART

THE Junior and Senior Art Classes under the able guidance of Mrs. Edwards have accomplished many projects this school year.

Some of the Seniors have made striking posters emphasizing the need for help in the Allied countries. Other girls chose to do clay work, such as modelling figures, candle sticks, ink stands and other articles. Clay modelling is an art and is not as easy as it appears to be,—in fact, Natalie Bate has just succeeded in making a tea pot which she started in the fall term! But, with great determination and after a third

attempt you will now see a gleaming little tea pot on the Bates' breakfast table.

Some of the girls chose to do handicrafts such as weaving scarves and making baskets. Shelagh Fisher has made a dress design book which is filled with her own creations, and Betty Hurst has been specializing in sketching portraits. Snapshot drawings, posed for by one of the class, were done by Grade IX.

In addition to clay modelling, the Juniors have been busy with block printing. Grades I, II, III and IV illustrated familiar stories. One little boy in Grade I was asked to illustrate the story of "The Queen of Hearts," which he did, giving the Knave five legs. When asked by Mrs. Edwards why he had given the Knave five legs, the little fellow replied that he was afraid that with only two legs the Knave would not be able to get away fast enough after he had stolen the tarts!

The girls of the school, and particularly the graduating class, would like to thank Mrs. Edwards for her untiring efforts on their behalf. She has been a source of inspiration at all times for those interested in Art.

NANCY MARTIN.

MUSIC AND DRAMA IN WINNIPEG

HERE are a few of the concerts and plays which some of us have seen during the winter months. This is by no means the complete list, but merely a record of some of our impressions.

On November 20 a joint recital was given by Jean Watson, contralto, and Ross Pratt, pianist. The audience welcomed both these young Canadian artists, and greeted with special warmth Mr. Pratt, who has for the first time returned to his native city on the Celebrity Concert Series, and who has been acclaimed "one of the most gifted of the younger generation of keyboard artists."

At the beginning of December the students of Gordon Bell School presented HAMLET, their twelfth annual production under the direction of Mr. G. E. Snider. Albert Larway played Hamlet; George Brandt, Claudius; Bill Matheson, Polonius. As there were only four women in the cast two girls took each part in order to give stage experience to as many as possible. All the actors succeeded in capturing the spirit of the play. During the intermission the school orchestra played under the direction of Filmer Hubble.

A packed auditorium witnessed in December PAUL ROBESON'S first-rate performance of OTHELLO. Presented by the Theatre Guild, it was notable for Margaret Webster's flawless production and Robert Edmond Jones' imaginative settings. Robeson, whose dark skin gave emphasis to the social conflict of the play, was remarkable in his powerful and sincere acting. Jose Ferrar, as Iago, displayed great versatility in his gestures and voice, and gave humanity to the cruel villain. Uta Hagen as Desdemona and Edith King as Emilia were also noteworthy. This memorable performance stands alone in its excellence as the best play performed in Winnipeg this season.

On January 26 and 27 the WINNIPEG BALLET CLUB, under the direction of Gweneth Lloyd, gave two outstanding performances. One of the most brilliantly colorful items was "Zigeuner," a gypsy scene. In 'Etude,' a choreographic poem, the white billowy costumes and the rhythmical movements gave an effect of extreme grace. "The Wise Virgins," an abstract interpretation of the parable, showed youth's innate trend towards folly or wisdom. "An American In Paris" depicted a homesick American in the Paris of 1929-39. Excellent performances were given by Paddy Stone, Eileen Hyman and Lillian Lewis—in fact every ballet will long be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to be there.

The well-known monologist RUTH DRAPER visited Winnipeg in February

and delighted the Playhouse audience with her impersonations. In all Miss Draper can people her stage with fifty-seven different women, and can portray a great variety of emotions. We saw her as a fussy old lady opening a bazaar, as an efficient secretary, as a vivacious French peasant woman, and in many other roles, all of which captured and held our attention throughout the evening.

The Daniel McIntyre Collegiate Choral Society, under the direction of Miss Lola Smith, performed THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE on February 14, 15 and 16. This was prefaced by some folk dances performed by the girls, and a short program of "living statues" given by the boys of the Collegiate. The leading characters in the opera itself were well chosen and performed their parts well, while the well-directed chorus kept it running smoothly.

The flash of silver blades and the stirring strains of the orchestra announced to an excited audience the opening of Winnipeg's SKATING CARNIVAL. Among the autumn trees danced sprightly little nymphs who were joined by soft, glittering snowflakes (Our own Shelagh McKnight, Joan Everett, and old girl Meda McLean were trees, while Rosemary Henderson was a nymph.) With the arrival of winter came "the enthusiasts" who provided many thrills and laughs. Christmas followed—a beautiful little church scene,—then "grim reality," school girls with their mistress and professor. With the arrival of spring came the crow and skipping-rope girls. A grand finale featuring the entire cast brought a most delightful program to its conclusion. Particularly fine skaters were Isabel Smith, Frank Sellers, Rupert Whitehead, Stephanie MacDonald, and Rupe's old girls, Sheila Smith and Joyce Lamont.

The annual visit of the MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA on the afternoon of March 19 marked their one-hundredth performance in Winnipeg. The several thousand school children who attended enjoyed the overture from "Rossini's 'Barber of Seville,'" theme and variations from "Concertanti Quartet" by the gifted and versatile Mozart, parts of Bizet's "L'Arlesienne" suite, the contrasting moods of Tschaikowsky, Chopin and Strauss—all directed by the magic baton of Dimitri Mitropoulos. Carlo Fischer, a member of the organization since its inception, in 1903, was the commentator. The enthusiastic applause of the audience showed how much this fine music was appreciated.

LARRY ADLER, harmonicist, and PAUL DRAPER, tap dancer, combined to present an excellent and varied program on March 24. Few of the audience had previously realized what an amazing variety

of tone and range of pitch could come from the humble harmonica, but in the hands of Mr. Adler it produced sounds suggestive of the 'cello, the violin, the saxaphone, and the music of composers ranging from Bach to Gershwin, from Debussy to De Falla. Mr. Draper, whose dancing had the quality and grace of ballet, interpreted both classical and modern music with extreme versatility and great charm. At the end of the program the audience supplied Mr. Adler with the names of half a dozen songs which he skilfully wove into a pattern of music to be interpreted by the nimble feet of Mr. Draper. Altogether it was a delightful and unforgettable evening.

Material Assembled by
JEANNE BEATTY and
THEO JELLY.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

HONORARY PRESIDENT	Miss Bartlett
PRESIDENT	Miss Turner
VICE-PRESIDENT	Amy Best
SECRETARY	Elspeth Young
TREASURER	Joan Arnold
SOCIAL CONVENER	Betty Baker

THE Literary Society has had many interesting meetings this year, during which its twenty-six members have learned much about modern one-act plays.

At our first meeting, Miss Turner read the club a Canadian presentational play, "Johnny Dunn," by Robert Gard, which the members chose to present at the school's Variety Show during the second term.

A play written by Miss Turner, "No Way Out," was read at the second meet-

ing, by June Sinden, Daphne Graham, Shirley Hoddinott and Elspeth Young.

We had an interested panel discussion at one meeting, concerning improvements for "The Eagle," conducted by Amy Best, Martha Grindle and Winnie Grayston. We hope there is some evidence of the success of this meeting.

The Literary Society celebrated its hundredth birthday this year, with particularly delectable refreshments and an amusing presentational play, "The Happy Journey," by Thornton Wilder. This was read by Joan Arnold, Pat Liggins, Betty Calvert and Joy Tredennick.

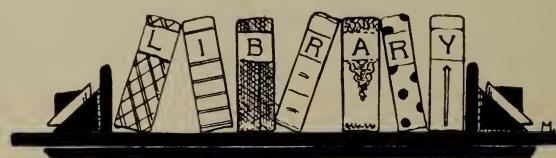
At one meeting the members tried out for the parts in "Johnny Dunn"; Shirley Hoddinott was picked for Johnny Dunn, Winnie Grayston for his wife, and Amy Best for the narrator. Many members of the club took parts in the speaking chorus.

The club's meetings, during the second term, were used to practise "Johnny Dunn," which was very successfully presented at the Variety Show on February 16th and 17th, under the direction of Miss Turner.

At the final meeting of the Literary Society two amusing plays were read. These were "The New Wing At Elsinore," by St. John Hankin, read by Amy Best, Betty Baker, Daphne Goulding, June Sinden, Pat Liggins and Elspeth Young, and "Moonshine" by Arthur Hopkins, read by Isobel Taylor and Daphne Goulding.

None of these meetings would have been successful without the interest and enthusiasm of the club members, and, particularly, without the tireless work and guiding ideas of Miss Turner.

ELSPETH YOUNG,
(Secretary).



LIBRARY REPORT

THE library this past year has been run very smoothly, due to the re-cataloguing, completed in September by Mrs. Rice. This system has made it much easier for the ten librarians who assist in the library during the week.

Several fiction books and some reference books were added to the library, as usual, in September, and although we now have approximately 1,693 books, we still need more, especially some of the newest publications. As friends of the school from

time to time ask us what books we want, the staff and girls have made this list:

Night Flight to Arras — Antoine de St. Exupery.
San Michele—Axel Munthe.
The Robe—Lloyd C. Douglas
Our Hearts Were Young and Gay — Cornelia Otis Skinner.
Jane Eyre—Charlotte Bronte.
Churchill—Kiernan.
When a Cobbler Rules a King—Seaman.
Red Caps and Lilies—Kay Adams.
Our Little Feudal Cousins—Richards.

In His Steps—Sheldon.
 Miss Buncle's Book—D. E. Sheldon.
 The Story of an African Farm — Olive Schreiner.
 The World I Knew—Louis Golding.
 Operas Every Girl Should Know — Bacon.
 Pioneers of Invention—Nida.
 Studies of Famous Paintings — (Moyer's School Supplies).
 Socialist Sixth of the World — Dean of Canterbury.
 Brave Men—Ernie Pyle.
 Malta Spitfire—Beurling and Roberts.
 Anne Bartlett, Navy Nurse—Martha Johnson.
 Micah Clarke—Doyle.
 Good Companions—Priestley.
 Circular Staircase—Rinehart.
 Monsieur Beaucaire—Tarkington.
 On the Trail of Ancient Man — Andrew.
 Log of a Lame Duck—Brown.
 Drama of Chemistry—French.
 Romance of the Last Crusade—Gilbert.
 Living With Others—Goodrich.
 I Married Adventure—Osa Johnson.
 Thirty-nine Steps—Buchan.
 Dog Crusoe—Ballantyne.
 Erling the Bold—Ballantyne.
 Penny March, Public Health Nurse — Dorothy Deming.
 Girl of the Limberlost—Porter.
 Captain Blood—Sabatini.
 Steele of the Royal Mounted — Curwood.
 Guy Mannering—Scott.
 Adventurers All—Wilson
 Wildfire—Zane Gray.
 Birth of a Spitfire—Beckles.
 Adventures Underground—Bridges.
 Animals are Like That—Buck.
 Canada's Fighting Air Men—Drew.
 Men Under the Sea—Ellsberg.
 Royal Road to Romance—Halliburton.
 In Search of England—Morton.
 In Search of Wales—Morton.
 In Search of Ireland—Morton.

English

Book of Canadian Poetry—A. J. M. Smith (University of Chicago Press).
 Shakespeare as a Dramatic Thinker—Moulton (Macmillan).
 Shakespearean Tragedy—Bradley.
 Development of the Theatre — Allardyce Nicholl (Harrap & Co.). About \$10.00.
 Concise Cambridge History of English Literature — Sampson (Cambridge University Press).
 Contemporary British Literature — Miller (Harcourt, Brace & Co.).
 Directions in Modern Poetry — Drew & Sweeney (W. W. Norton & Co.).

The Novel and the Modern World—Daiches (University of Chicago Press).
 Poetry and the Modern World — Daiches (University of Chicago Press.).

Science

Handbook of Chemistry and Physics, 27th edition (Chemical Rubber Publishing Co., Cleveland, Ohio).
 Chemistry and You—(Lyons & Carnahan). \$2.50.
 Experiences in Physics—Williard (Ginn & Co.) 1939.
 New World of Chemistry—Bernard Jaffee (Silver Burdett Co.).
 Science—Davis & Sharpe (Henry Holt & Co.).
 Science Digest (monthly).
 Chemistry at Work—McPherson, Henderson & Fowler, Boston (Ginn & Co.) 1938.
 Astronomy—A. M. Harding. \$1.98.
 Biology — Moon & Mann (Henry Holt & Co., New York) revised edition, 1941.
 Down to Earth — An introduction to Geology — Carey Cronies & William C. Krunkinekin (University Chicago Press).
 The Romance of the Calendar—R. W. Wilson (W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., New York).
 Heroes of Science—Cotter & Taffe (Ryerson Press, Toronto).
 Our World and Science—Powers, Neuner, Bruner, Bradley (Ginn & Co.).
 The Basic Science Education Series—Row Peterson & Co. (1941). Ed. Bertha Morris Parker.

History

Building the Canadian Nation — Brown (Dent & Sons).
 Short History of Canada for Americans—Burt (University of Minnesota Press).
 Romance of Canada—Burt (Gage & Co.).
 A History of Canada — Wittke (McClelland & Stewart).
 Readings in Canadian History — Brown (Dent & Sons).
 Confederation and Its Leaders—Hammond (McClelland & Stewart).
 The World Since 1914 — Lampan (Macmillan).
 Europe Since 1914—Lee Benns (Crofts & Co.).
 The British People—Anstey (Gage & Co.).
 Canadian Dominion — Skelton (Oxford University Press).
 We Are Canadian Citizens — Goldring (Dent).
 This Canada of Ours—Cochran & Wallace.
 Manitoba Milestones — Mrs. R. F. McWilliams.
 Arctic Trader—Godsell (Macmillan).

BETTY HURST.

Social Activities

INITIATION DAY

THE inmates of "Rupe" were aroused as usual by the sound of the rising bell, but on September 29 it had a most alarming sound. Torture began for the new girls as soon as they were out of bed. The old girls tied the new girls' laces and watched them stumble along the hall grasping anyone or anything for support. When they came to the stairs some sat down and slid down, while others tried to make their feet co-ordinate and ended in a fall. As the victims reached the dining-room, one by one, they went in backwards and flopped down in their places. Then the new girls proceeded with their meal, having their serviettes under their chins, trying to eat a "square" meal and hit their mouths at the same time. No wonder the tablecloths got rather dirty!

When they had staggered upstairs old girls took them from room to room, where they acted as "jo-boys" and made beds, cleaned shoes, etc. The "croc" showed a definite increase that morning as all the new senior girls went with it, while the former girls roared with laughter on the other side of the street.

At recess the new day pupils began to realize what initiation really meant, when they had to kneel down in the gym and push a peanut across it with their noses. Pigtails sticking out in all directions and bruised noses seemed to be the special attraction that day. Tricks were played all day on the "freshies," such as making a new girl go up and down the stairs backwards saying: "I am the scum of the earth."

In the evening, all the "freshies" made their debuts on the "Radio Fish Pond" program. The evening began by two girls singing "I want to go back to where I came from"—they must have had an overdose! Jitterbugs, ballet dancers and acrobatic stars all showed their talent in their dazzling (?) costumes, and a heart-rending love scene was enacted by "Petunia" and her passionate lover "Jackson." The program was concluded when new members of the staff sang an original song about "Miss Bartlett's pupils" to the tune of "Shortnin' Bread." The evening ended with the customary jigs in which everyone took part, and a delicious lunch was served.

The initiates were then allowed to retire, fully realizing that they now were "part and parcel" of "Rupe". The boarders still had not had their share when they went to bed, and many of them spent a restless night frantically trying to rid their beds of crumbs and Lux flakes.

WINIFRED GRAYSTON.

THE JUNIOR ALUMNAE DANCE

THE Junior Alumnae Dance was held on Friday, February 11th, in the school gymnasium. It was decided that it would be a Wurlitzer dance, and that soft drinks would be the only refreshments. Keeping expenses down in this way enabled us to sell our tickets very reasonably and the gym was comfortably filled.

All day the dance committee of the Junior Alumnae worked to make the hall attractive with colorful posters. The pretty dresses of the girls were enhanced by the shaded lights. The music, consisting of all the latest records, was very good, and it was agreed at the lunch-hour session in the Common Room the following Monday that the dance had been a great success.

Miss Bartlett, assisted by Members of the Senior Alumnae, received, and at one o'clock the guests paid a reluctant farewell.

NANCY MARTIN,
(Grade XI).

THE VARIETY SHOW

A VARIETY show, under the direction of Miss Turner, was put on by the girls in the school auditorium on the evenings of February 16 and 17.

The program was successfully opened with "Brothers-In-Arms", a one-act play by M. Denison. Excellent performances were given by Elspeth Young (Major Altrus Brown), Pat Liggins and Nancie Tooley (who played Dorothea Brown on alternate nights), Mildred Parry (Syd White), and Jennifer McQueen (Charlie Henderson).

"The First Client", by Grade IX, was a story of the trials and triumphs of a young lawyer, and "The Car", by Grade X, humorously portrayed a trip to the station by a family of negroes. The "tires" continually went flat, revealing long red underwear!

Piano solos were given by Jeanne Beatty, Lucille Smith and Eleanor Mitchell; a saxophone solo by Audrey Van Slyck, and a trumpet solo by Mildred Parry.

Nancy Martin, accompanying herself on the guitar, sang "You Left Your Brand On My Heart". "My Love Rode By" and "Smiling Through" were sung by Anita Aitken, accompanied by Lucille Smith.

June Sinden performed a Spanish dance, Mercedes, and Doreen Ogilvie danced the Sailors' Hornpipe.

The program concluded with a presentational play, "Johnny Dunn," by Robert E. Gard. Shirley Hoddinott in the title role held the attention and drew the laughter

of the audience with exaggerated tales of experiences in Alberta. Johnny's wife was played by Winifred Grayston, who was appropriately dressed in a coloured housedress and large white apron, with her hair in an untidy bun; at one point in the play she looked pityingly at her large family of starving children, displaying a toothless smile. Amy Best was the narrator, and a group of girls, representing Albertan citizens, acted as chorus, and with great

versatility turned themselves into dogs, beavers, mosquitoes, ducks and wolves.

We wish to thank Miss Turner and the girls who did the backstage work and made and sold tickets and programs, for so willingly giving their spare time and effort, as well as those who actually appeared on the program. The profits, amounting to \$113.20, will be used for stage equipment.

MARTHA GRIMBLE.

Photography Competition

(Arranged by Daphne Goulding)

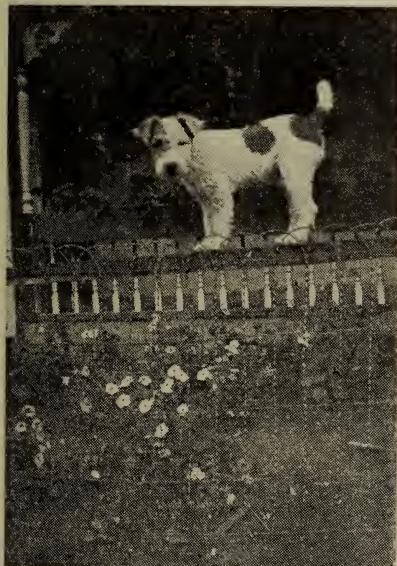
Once more our thanks are due to Dr. Leach for judging our photography competition, the results of which are given below, with the judge's comments.

Subject: Animals

First Place: Janet Knowler. The dog is nice and sharp, and is located just about right to give good composition.

Second Place: Theo Jelly.

Honourable Mention: Janet Knowler.



FIRST PLACE—JANET KNOWLER

Subject: Scenery

First Place: Theo Jelly. This is a pleasing scene; the sky is well rendered. The print should be trimmed to bring the horizon level. The composition would be improved by cutting half an inch off the bottom of the print.

Honourable Mention: Jeanne Beatty.



FIRST PLACE—THEO JELLY

HOME ECONOMICS, GRADE X

"Who's got the egg beater?"

"Where is the measuring cup?"

"Oh, Mrs. Peterson, I forgot to put the sugar in—can I put it in now?"

These are a few familiar expressions heard around the kitchen each Thursday afternoon, but through our troubles, mistakes, and fun, all five of us enthusiastically learned a great deal about the contents of our foods and about cooking.

We first studied the principles of food conservation, then we made a thorough study of the seven main foods—carbohydrates, fats, proteins, minerals, vitamins, water, and roughage. We then turned to calories—their values and number used in a day, and last of all we studied human digestion.

Our practical periods have been very helpful. Our first concern this year was canning, pickling, and jelly making, and we have used these goods in salads, tarts, and various other ways. We have made biscuits, beverages, candy, cakes, cookies, pies, puddings and other desserts, salads, rolls, and other things. I think that we should all be proud that we have been so successful in our attempts at cooking.

One afternoon in the fall we went out to the Manitoba Sugar Beet Factory and were shown through the building and told how the beets were made into sugar. The atmosphere was rather hot and odiferous, but I'm sure all the girls enjoyed this interesting excursion.

We all want to thank Mrs. Peterson very sincerely for her invaluable help and patience during this year.

BILLIE BAKER.

GRADE XI HOME ECONOMICS

THE steady whirr of the new Singer machine pervades the busy atmosphere of the sewing-room. Sitting around in the chintz-covered chairs are the Grade Eleven seamstresses, some with a look of triumph, and others with a harassed look, eyes squinting and shoulders hunched, intent upon the work in hand, and determined to conquer the stubborn material which refuses to obey even the deft fingers of the sewers.

The demand for Mrs. Peterson's assistance is great, but she is not an octopus. Consequently, sleeves are put in wrong, seams sewn too wide or too narrow, and precious time wasted in discussing the latest gossip.

We have had a lot of fun and learned much of interest in our Home Economics periods, especially the practical period, where each of us has fashioned a dress to suit her fancy. Mrs. Peterson planned for

us trips to Eaton's Research Bureau, and the Home Economics Department of the University of Manitoba, which we greatly enjoyed.

For our teacher's sacrifice of her own time and her interest in our progress, we are most sincerely grateful.

JANET KNOWLER.

VIGNETTES FROM BOARDING SCHOOL LIFE

IN the upper flat, to the left as you arrive upstairs, are four rooms at the end of the hall. This section of the building is noted for its quiet (?), steady (?) occupants—namely the eight Grade X's.

The Rupert's Land Boarder

Let's glance at these model boarders for a minute.

"Dorkus" and "Davie" are the first two we'll call on. "Dorkus" has just let out a scream (we get used to this) and is sitting in the middle of the floor sobbing bitterly, as she re-reads, for the twentieth time, one of her purrfect love-letters. The weeping continues, so we look to the other side of the room and see "Davie" (our "model boarder") weaving on a loom (extra-curricular activity—highly recommended), and pensively dreaming about the whole American Army. The room, you will notice, is immaculate, due to "Dorkus'" insistence that "you put that back where you found it!", and also due to the fact, of course, that they are typical

Grade X boarders. As we withdraw, however, we have to be careful not to catch one of the ten wires which run in all directions from the switch in the centre of the room. (We wonder about those blown fuses?)

"Willie" and "Mugs" (how did she get a name like that? !), our two redheads, are our next objective. We find them at home? (What! Not in the detention room?), and as we enter, Willie says in a mournful tone: "What am I gonna doo?"

"Willie's" hair has turned greasy and won't "do" right, and she especially wants it to because she has a date. We see what "Willie" means, but she really hasn't anything to worry about, as she'll use a dry shampoo.

"Mugs" announces that she is hungry, but due to the fact that we're Grade X's no grub is obtainable at night. "Mugs," therefore, continues cutting up Miss Speers' old hat, which was found in the trash can, with the idea of making a pennant with her name on it.



"Smitty" and "Looney Junie" (we'll call her June for short) are across the hall, so we'll see what they have to say. As we enter, "One Meat Ball" (expressing Grade X's love of food), is blaring out on the gramophone. June and "Smitty" are discussing (in slightly raised tones) their holidays at Yorkton. June is "simply sent" (which way, I don't know), and "Smitty," our quieter member and therefore class president (which reminds me—she owes me 25c for that vote!) is taking June's ravings as a matter of course, and at the same time, finishing up some forgotten harmony homework (our prize musician!). By now "Stardust" is being scraped out on old "gram," and we leave "Smitty" dreaming, and June trying to convince herself, with emphatic punches on her pillow, that even if she does go in for "Our Gang" and "Mickey Mouse" comic books, she still isn't crazy—and even if she is, so what?!

"Jers" and "Spencer" in the room next door are sitting and singing in mournful tones one of our pet theme songs, "Don't Fence Me In!" (the other being "Home, Sweet Home"). We can no longer stand

their beautiful singing (?), so we will migrate elsewhere.

Well, you asked for a glimpse of the Grade X boarders, and this is how they really are. They have their serious side, but when they show it they are too serious to be like themselves.

* * *

Who would be a day girl if she could be a boarder? We would take the boarding school every time (take it from one who knows!).

There are thirty-eight boarders this year, from Kindergarten to Grade XII, and all sizes from Elizabeth Nairnsey, of three-feet-nine, to Nancy Bridgett, of five-feet-nine.

We have two juniors on the top flat who felt quite indignant about being put there with the seniors. A girl has often innocently decided to walk down the corridor, only to get her feet hopelessly tangled in thread, be drenched with water, and have a waste-paper basket rolled into her, to complete the entanglement. The forlorn girl looks over to the names on the door, and then she understands—those two juniors are just getting their revenge!

There are twelve little girls in the cubicles this year, who have loads of fun with their dolls; one of these dolls even has a pram to sleep and be driven around in. Shrieks of laughter may often be heard coming from the gym or playground. First term, they actually put on a concert by themselves, which proved to be as enjoyable for the audience as it was for the performers.

Every night from Monday to Thursday, you see about twenty-five girls stumbling down the stairs at 7.30, to the summons of "that bell," and five minutes later you see them all at work. Later, as the ordeal draws to a close, heavy eyelids are propped open with pencils to see the various comedians in the room perform.

We certainly feel as though we are living up to our motto, Alta Petens (seeking the heights), each night as we trudge our weary way up the countless number of stairs to bed, after an evening of hard (?) study.

On Friday night, you are apt to see something quite different: you might see some stooped creature coming toward you with a heavy bag over one shoulder, a box of Lux in the other hand on which is balanced, in vain, a bar of soap, which, much to the distress of the laundress, persists in fulfilling the law of gravity.

Another queer specimen of human nature might be seen looming ahead, looking somewhat like a hairy ape, but you realize, to your relief, that someone has just washed her hair.

The gym takes care of the glamour department on that night, and several girls may be seen there, improving (?) their figures by playing badminton or deck tennis.

Mrs. McLintoch and Miss McMillan have been very kind to all of us by running around and obtaining remedies for our various ailments, and for all their trouble we are truly grateful.

We will always remember the happy days we spent in boarding, and next year we will miss those who will not be back. We wish them good luck, and hope we may often meet to recall our experiences.

PAT JOY (Grade X) and
ELSPETH THOMPSON (Grade XI).

KINDERGARTEN

We love to be fairies,
We love to be elves;
We play we are giants



*We're the King and
the Queen!*



And frighten ourselves!
There is nothing too wonderful,
Nothing too vast,
We are all things and small things,
The first and the last!
We roar up the stairway,
We puff and we strain,
(The maid on the landing
Cannot know we're the train!)
One says she is Father,

Another is Mother,
And then how the children
All bother each other!
And now we are Bunnies,
And now we are Mice,
And then into elephants
We change in a trice!
We are Little Bo-Peep,
We're the King and the Queen,
We are all Princes' daughters,
The fairest you've seen!
There is nothing too wonderful . . .

* * *

May the stars in your eyes
In their brightness and love,
Forever, yes, ever,
Match the stars up above!

—G.A.

MY KITTEN

My brother Eric and I have a greyish-black kitten. His name is Willie and he

is my alarm clock. Mummy and Daddy have an alarm clock, and when Willie hears it he runs into my room, jumps up on me and purrs very loudly.

Then I wake right up and dress for school. I love Willie very much. He often comes to school with me in our car.

EIRENE LANDON (Grade II).



THE KINDERGARTEN

MY CHICKS

Grandpa bought me a present of two little chicks. They were very good chicks, and every time I brought them food they would jump up on me, and were so happy. They played with me whenever I came near. Whitie died, but Pinkie is still with me. He wants to fly around the room, and likes to lie in my rocking chair. I love my little chick.

SUZANNE FINKLESTEIN (Grade II).

THE CUBS

Cubby and Tubby were two little bears that were around our summer camp. We all wondered where they came from. When they came near, we fed them. One day they found a beehive. They put their paws into it and licked the honey off. The bees came back to the hive and stung Cubby

and Tubby until they cried with pain. No one ever saw them again.

JOAN ANDERSON (Grade II).

MY CAT

Mother and I went to the pet shop and Mother asked the clerk if they had any kittens. She said they had three, one black and two white. Mother bought a white one. The Clerk put it in a box for us.

When we got home we opened the box and out popped the wee kitten. I named him William. We are very fond of each other. He follows me up to bed and sits on the rug while I have my bath. Then he goes into the den and sleeps under my stool when I'm ready for bed.

One day he jumped out of the window on to the roof. He got his white coat all dirty, so when he came in he sat in front of the fire-place and washed himself.

GLEN MURRAY (Grade III).

WHO SAYS THEY
HAVE BIG FEET?

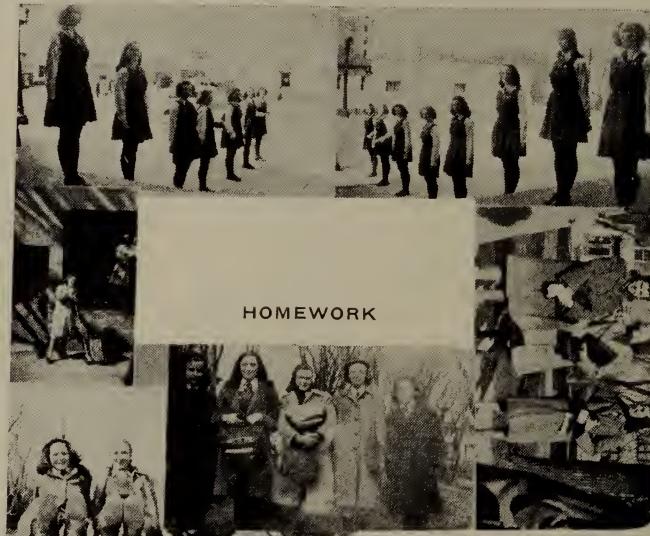
SS—SS

McQUADE'S
FAVORITE PASTIME



THE
FAMOUS
DAY

GRADE 10's



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HOMEWORK

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THE GANG'S ALL HERE



SOME OF THE BOARDERS

ELLIE AND MILDRED

THE ELEVENS THE WINNAH! LEAP FROG



JOAN HENDERSON AND
PETER PERRIN



GRADES I AND II.

SPRING

Today I heard a robin sing;
'Tis sure a sign of Spring.



N. Pearce.

His breast was red, his eyes were bright;
He was indeed a thrilling sight.
The robin seemed so very gay,

I knew he'd come to stay.
"Cheer up," he said, "the Spring is here
And I've come back to you, my dear."

BETTY GILL (Grade III).

JERRY AND JANE

One day my mother and another lady
went downtown. The lady was going to
buy a canary. My Mother went to the
store, too, and saw all the canaries.

When Mother came home I was playing
outside. I saw she had a very big parcel,
but I did not know what it was.

After a while, I went into the house,
and then I heard a lovely bird singing. I
ran into the living-room and there sat a
canary in a cage. I was so excited! I
asked Mother where she got it, and she
said: "I just thought you were a pretty
good girl, so I bought it when I was down
town."

Some day, Mother is going to buy me
another bird and I shall call it Jane. The
other bird is called Jerry.

SHIRLEY MOTT (Grade IV).



GRADES III AND IV.

PUSSY-WILLOWS

Pussy-willows come in Spring,
'Way before the birdies sing,
They look just like a pussy cat.
They are so soft and grey and fat.
The pussies come before the flowers,
And 'way before our April showers,
We see them growing on the trees,
So we may pick them if we please.

DIANA NANTON (Grade IV).

"THE STORY OF SPRING"

ONCE upon a time, there was a little girl who lived in a country where it snowed a great deal.

One day, as she was feeding the half-frozen birds, she thought of a plan. She did not tell anyone about it, but quietly walked away into the woods.

At the time she left home, her mother was cleaning their house. Finally she decided to call the child in. When she could not find her she was worried, but thought

that Betsy (that was the child's name) knew her way through the entire forest and so would return safely.

Now at that very moment Betsy was walking far into the woods. She kept on walking, although she was tired and very cold. Suddenly she thought, "I will keep walking until I find Spring."

All of a sudden, something made Betsy stop—she had come to a clearing in the woods. Little rabbits, graceful deer and many other animals were running about. Birds were singing and flowers blooming.

Betsy was so happy that she ran home to tell her mother, forgetting that her mother knew nothing about her plan.

When her mother heard what Betsy had to say, she said, "Betsy, what is this fantastic thing?"

Betsy described what she had seen. From then on, Spring came once every year to this country and everyone rejoiced.

MARILYN BENSTOCK (Grade IV).



GRADES V AND VI.

THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS

THE Parliament Buildings are situated in the very centre of Winnipeg, and are surrounded by beautiful grounds. In summer lovely flowers and fragrant lilac bushes adorn the spreading lawns.

The marble that forms the Parliament Buildings was brought from many places. The Grand Staircase between the two bronze buffalo is made from marble brought from Italy, and so is a bannister around a large hole in the floor just above the Grand Staircase. In the marble that forms the walls on the inside are thousands of little dark marks which are really fossils of sea-weed, for this marble once lay at the bottom of the ocean. In two places there are distinct fossils of fish or snails. One is coiled up like a snail. The other is a fish and you can see its ribs and spine.

Directly beneath the hole in the floor is a great star made of black marble. If a stone were tied to end of a string and dropped from the foot of the Golden Boy it would land exactly in the middle of this star. Therefore this star marks the centre of the whole building.

On either side of the Grand Staircase stands a bronze buffalo. These two great buffalo weigh two tons each. They are supposed to guard the entrance to the Parliament Buildings.

The Golden Boy on the top of the Parliament buildings is sixteen and one-half feet high, and weighs four tons. He is made of Golden Bronze.

There are hundreds of rooms in the Parliament Buildings. One of these is a room called the Chamber. This is where Parliament holds its sessions. When Parliament is in session the Lieutenant-Governor comes in and sits on a throne-like seat. They then get his permission to carry on their work.

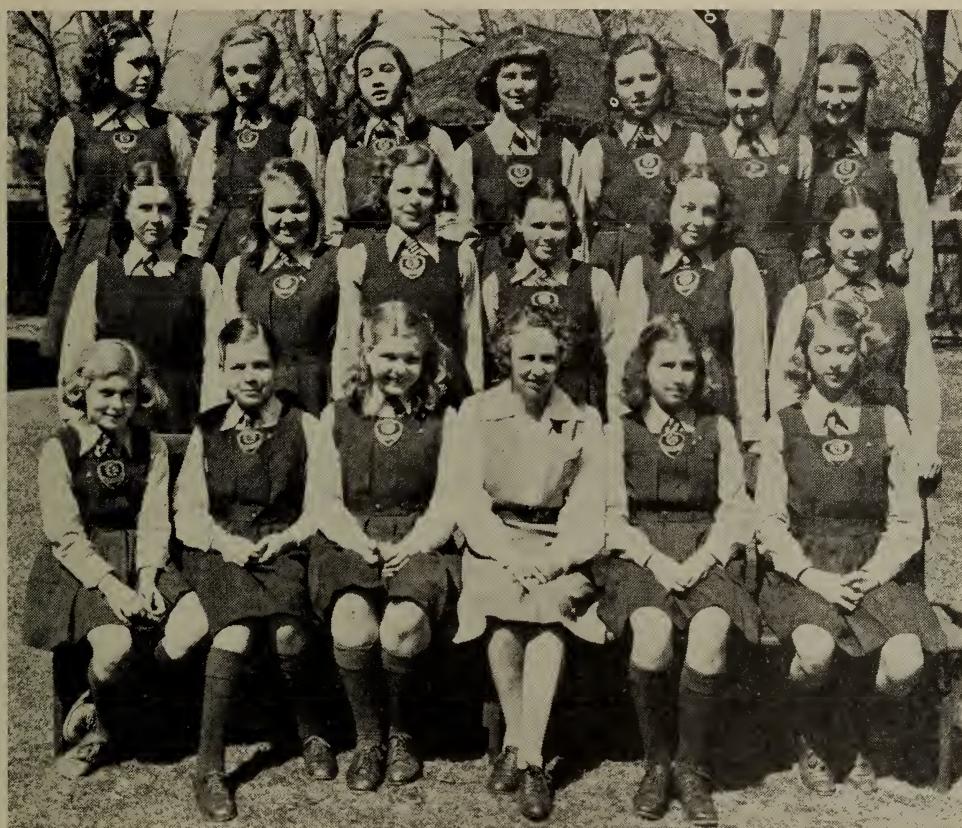
The throne in this room is made exactly the same as the one the King sits on in London.

Another room is a sort of reception room. In this room there is a table with a small Bible on it. Whenever some one has been appointed to a duty, he takes his oath on this Bible. There is also a chair in this room on which the King, Queen, and Prince of Wales sat when visiting Winnipeg in 1939. On the back of this chair are three tablets with the names of the Royal Family on them.

Yet another room of this great building is the library. This is indeed a very wonderful room. It has a great many books in it. Some of these are in the main library and some in the store-room.

I certainly think that the architect, who was an Englishman, did a wonderful job when he planned and supervised the building of the Parliament Buildings.

TIRZAH ATEAH (Grade V).



GRADE VII.

A LOG CABIN IN THE WOODS

ONE August day, while going for a trip in a motor-boat, we passed a particularly interesting island. We stopped the boat to take in the scene.

The gentle waves lapped drowsily against the moss-covered rocks on the shore. Behind these rocks were tall, graceful, scented pine trees waving loftily in the cool summer breeze. Behind these stately trees, in a little clearing, stood a small rustic log cabin. Its roof had once been painted red, but now the paint was peeling off. The logs were unvarnished and stone steps led up to the door. This was once a fisherman's cabin, but now it was lonely and deserted. Beside it was a tall haystack, and bits of hay were blowing about it. At the back of the cabin was a row of five plum trees, laden with rosy fruit. The bright, round, yellow sun was high in the cloudless deep blue August sky. The water in front of the rocks was now so calm that it looked like a glassy mirror, and reflected the sky almost perfectly. Now and then a rabbit, doe, or fawn came down to drink of the cool calm water.

This clearing was the centre of animal life. Here it was that a gentle doe brought her frisky fawn. Rabbits frisked and gamboled about, and once a stag came bounding in upon the scene. Then just before dusk the animals gathered together with heads bowed, and stood in deep reverence to watch the sun sink below the horizon, leaving a path of shimmering gold.

JOANNA HOLLENBERG (Grade VII).

TO VICTORY

The aeroplanes fly overhead,
Their motors gently humming.
Through the night they swiftly go,
To Victory they are coming.
The warships steam along below,
Their guns are painted grey.
They boldly face the raging sea
To bring that joyful day.
On land the armies bravely march,
Although the guns may blast.
They fight to save their country fair
And hasten peace at last.

DIANE LIGGINS (Grade VII).

MY TRIP TO NORWAY HOUSE

July 10—I left the Redwood docks on July 10 at twelve o'clock to go to Norway House. First we came to the C.P.R. bridge, which swung on what looked like big wheels so that we could go under it.

At 2 p.m. we came to the locks. We had to wait a while, after they had unlocked the first gate, as the water had to go down to be level with the water on the other side of the dam. By the time it was level the water was only five feet deep. Then they shut the gate behind us and opened the one in front of us, so that we could go out. It took us twenty-two minutes to go through the locks.

At four o'clock we came to Selkirk. We got out of the boat and walked through a little park. In the centre there was a memorial to the soldiers from Selkirk who died in the First Great War.

At about half past six we reached the lake. It was very beautiful, with the sun going down in the west and the greenish-blue water, which was very calm.

July 11—Early on Tuesday morning we came to Matheson Island. As they had to load some freight on, we had to wait here for a while. Tied up to the dock there were about eighteen husky dogs, which were very excited and kept howling.

About three o'clock in the afternoon we came to Berens River. We were to stay here until about six o'clock. There was a Father on board, and he took us to see the Roman Catholic Mission. There is a church, a school and a hospital. One Sister, who acted as the doctor, dentist and nurse, showed us some of the teeth she had pulled. She had them mounted on cardboard, with the name of the owner of the tooth printed underneath. There was one Indian man who had blood-poisoning in his hand. In the children's ward there was a little girl and a little boy. There was also a little baby girl three days old, and the Sisters had named her Marie Elizabeth.

We saw the room where the weaving is done. Some of it was very beautiful. The Sisters sold hand-made towels to some of the passengers.

At the school the children sit in desks similar to those we have, except that two or three children sit in one desk. On the teacher's desk was a picture that one of the pupils had painted. The teacher had showed them how to make a frame for it. They collected shells and different kinds of flat stones, which the teacher had glued onto a piece of board, and on which the picture was nailed. One of the Indian children was nine years of age and in Grade IV. She had knitted dozens of pairs of socks and mitts, and she could sew almost anything.

The Church was very pretty. The altar was white, with a red velvet curtain behind it. There was a big stove at the back. There were spices burning in the Church. Some hymn books were in English; others in French or Cree. When we left the Church we went up to the pretty inn, which was made of logs.

On our way out of Berens River the captain said that he hoped everyone was a good sailor, for it was going to be rough. Some people were sick, but the wind went down with the sun.

July 12—At half past eight on Wednesday morning we went the rest of the way to Norway House in a motor launch called the "Chickama". The big boat could not go that far because there were too many rocks.

There are many stories about the different islands and rocks. There is one rock near Berens River called Dead Man's Rock. It is said that one night when it was very hot a man went out there to sleep. He was never heard of again. On another island a man was supposed to have buried two kegs of rum. There is another island where a man went out to stay, and all they ever found was his lunch box. This island is called "Devil's Island".

We travelled across Playgreen Lake and into the Nelson River. There are many branches of this river, and we went up the Jack Pine. First we came to a lot of beautiful fir trees with rocks all around, and little goats feeding on the grass.

Norway House is not just one place; it covers a distance of five miles. First you come to Playgreen Inn, where you stay over. Then you come to the Hudson's Bay posts, and finally the Anglican Mission. By the time we arrived not many children were there, because they had all gone home for the summer holidays. Some of the children come from one hundred to two hundred miles by canoe to go to school. They come in September and stay until June.

After an hour we went back to the fort and had a picnic on the rock. Near the river there is a memorial to James Evans, the great missionary who translated the Bible into the Cree language. There were many Indians at Norway House, most of them doing nothing. They were very lazy. Then came the return journey.

At half past three we left for Warren's Landing where the Kenora was docked. It was extremely rough on Wednesday night, and all but ten people were sick.

July 13—We arrived at Grand Rapids early Thursday morning. We walked a mile and a half up to the point. We could just see the foot of the falls, which are on the Saskatchewan River. I picked a



GRADE VIII.

bunch of tiger lilies large enough to fill four vases. We went up to see the Church.

The boat left Grand Rapids about noon, and we headed for Beren's River again. We stayed all Thursday night here.

July 14—At noon we got to Matheson Island; then we kept right on going until we got to Gull Harbour in the afternoon. After we left here it rained for about an hour.

By half past eleven at night we reached the mouth of the Red River. Here there are two lighthouses about a mile and a half apart. The boat keeps going straight until these two lights look like one. Then it turns into the river. At eight o'clock we got to the locks again. Instead of going down with the water, we went up until we were even with the water on the other side of the dam. Again the C.P.R. bridge opened for us. At nine o'clock we saw the Redwood bridge and everyone began to get his things ready.

Our journey had now come to an end. We were glad to be home again, but we'd have a wonderful time.

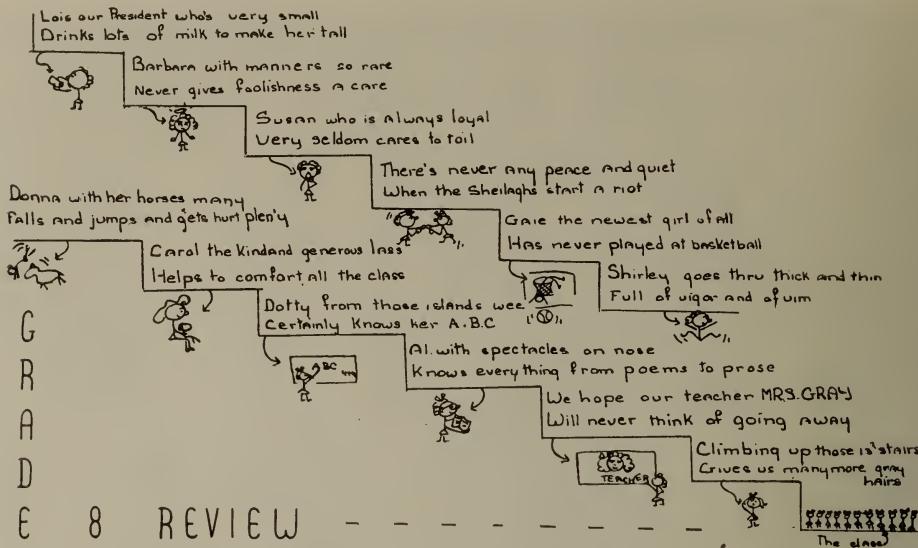
JANE WALLACE (Grade VII).

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

LITTLE Robert Trevors, best known to his friends as Bobs, lay on his side in bed, and looked out the window.

It was Christmas Eve; anyone would have known that. There was a sort of tenseness in the air; a sort of tenseness in the way the moonlight sparkled on the silver snow. It gave you the feeling of being on the verge of something wonderful and holy.

But Bobs wasn't thinking about that; he was wondering what his parents in England were doing. Of course, they'd be sound asleep, now, but he wondered what they'd be doing tomorrow. Would his mother take a day off from the factory? Would his father, a Commandant in the Navy, get a day's leave if his ship were in port? His heart ached. Oh, he was so lonely! If only he had been able to understand,—that day, four years ago, when his Mother and Dad had put him on a noisy ship—that he was going so far away from home, and from all the things he loved. He wouldn't have gone; he'd have stayed in England like a man. England wouldn't want him now. He was a coward ever to have left. Here in Canada people were kind to him; they pitied



him. But Bobs didn't want pity! He wanted understanding — understanding in Canada, of the awful thing war really was. The Air Force officer who had come to his aunt's house, had understood how he felt. But he had been posted, and Bobs had not seen him again . . . Bobs was drifting off to sleep.

The next morning, when Bobs awoke, the sun was streaming through the window. He started to leap out of bed, but fell back with a gasp. Who was that in the Naval uniform, standing at the end of his bed, with his arms full of parcels? The parcels fell to the bed, and with a wild yell Bobs threw himself into the man's arms.

"Hello, Bobs," said his Dad. "My ship docked in Halifax two days ago, so I decided to come and wish you a Merry Christmas!"

GAIE BROCK (Grade VIII).

A VISIT TO A PRIVATE SCHOOL IN TRINIDAD

If you were to visit a private school in Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, you would find it very different from the private schools in Canada. The white children attend the private schools, and the black children attend the public schools.

There is a cement wall, eight feet high, surrounding the school. Inside the wall there are playgrounds, the school and residence. The playgrounds include space for basketball and cricket.

The school consists of pillars, a roof, and an occasional wall. Canvas blinds are

rolled down during rain storms. There is a fully equipped science laboratory.

The age at which the pupils take some subjects is completely different from the age they do here. In the elementary school you take French, history, geography, English grammar and other subjects. In junior high school you take Latin, geometry, algebra, biology. In high school you take typing, bookkeeping, and shorthand.

So you see that a school in Trinidad is a lot different from a school in Canada.

DOROTHY NEWMAN (Grade VIII).

PRAIRIE SUMMER

The sunshine is reflected in the golden waving wheat,

That tosses in its several fields in one bright rippling sheet.

The gentle breeze is tinkling through the poplar's leafy keys,

And the meadow lark is singing in the blue above the trees.

The hot sun pours its rays upon the dried-up prairie grass,

While the prairie asters quiver as the wind doth o'er them pass;

Up the narrow, dusty driveway the farm house can be seen,

Speckless—spotless—whitewashed—neat and tidy—clean.

ROSEMARY WATKINS (Grade IX).



GRADE IX.

FRUIT PICKING

THIS title covers too large a field to permit me to go extensively into details of the various fruits, as the different fruits are picked by a variety of methods, and my space is too limited for me to do more than touch briefly on some of the phases. In general, though, all fruit for packing and shipping is picked at an unripe stage. Pears, for example, are very green and hard, almost impossible to eat when picked, and strawberry picking rewards the picker with only the odd deliciously ripe berry. Almost every bush, vine or tree must be repicked several times as the fruit ripens, cherries being one of the few exceptions. The cherries ripen so quickly and evenly that they must be taken off the tree as quickly as possible once they have reached the packing stage. All pickers work from dawn to dark to complete this work, as even a small shower of rain can completely ruin the cherry crop at this stage, as the fruit splits open with the moisture.

The handling of the fruit is very important, and a good part of the culled, or discarded fruit, shows bruises caused by careless pickers. An apple should be taken from the base or blossom end, in the cup of the hand, and a slight upward twist will take the fruit off with the stem. Any

pressure of the fingers will result in bruise marks showing in a few days, and unless the stem is in the fruit, it will either be graded as a "C" or culled completely, depending on the entire crop yield. It is a great temptation for all pickers to rush or become careless, as, with the exception of some small fruits, the wages are by the amount picked and not by the hour; that is, apples are paid for at the rate of 4 cents a box, or about 40 lbs. And it takes a great number of trips up and down a ladder with 40 pounds to make the average wage of \$6 to \$7 per day. Some expert pickers will earn from \$10 to \$12.

The equipment used is varied. Strawberries, since they can stand only a minimum amount of handling, require only the box that they are shipped in, as they are picked, sorted and packed in the one operation. A picker soon becomes an expert at putting the smaller berries in the bottom, and the final layer of berries are really hand picked. On the other hand, an apple orchard requires an assortment of ladders from 8 ft. to 16 ft. in length, because apples are picked in large canvas bags suspended from the neck, and an enormous number of boxes are placed around the orchard close to the trees being picked.

The time for picking is as a rule not decided by the farmer himself. The various packing houses have what they call their



GRADE X.

"field man," and he goes through the orchard in question to tell the farmer when to start picking, although the older farmers know just when the crop is ready.

The season is a long one, starting with strawberries in the very early summer and running through to pears, and then apples in the late fall. And in a good year, the yield on a small orchard will seem fantastic—40 to 65 boxes of pears from one tree, while there could be 10,000 boxes of apples from a nine-acre farm.

MARILYN BARBER (Grade IX).

MEMOIRS OF A MORON

AT the uncertain age of 0 years, on March 10, in the year 1930, I, Elaine "Mort" "Tank" Morton was brought into this wide wild world, or if you are the technical type—born. My parents were not particularly surprised at this outcome, as the majority of people begin life this way. At home, the neighbors could not help realizing that someone new had come to the house next door, for there were many noticeable new additions on the clothesline.

I was decidedly lazy the first few months of my life and wasted a considerable amount of my time sleeping. As time dragged on ivory tusks grew in my dainty (?) girlish mouth; they remained in same until I had experienced six and a

half years of my life. They then simply fell out, and a little later I was blessed with brand new ones.

In my early childhood, I am pleased to say, that I was a normal naive child, doing the normal things a normal child makes the habit of doing: hanging on the backs of bread-wagons (immune to my mother's piercing shrieks), pestering the iceman for chips of ice, and generally plaguing the unfortunates who came into my life, day by day, were only a few of my activities.

In school when I was very young I was brilliant and was considered quite intellectual. As I approached higher grades, as my friends and teachers have certainly realized, I lost some of these qualities.

During my life I have participated generously in the childhood communicable diseases by having measles (plain and German), colds, mumps on both sides, whooping cough, colds, pneumonia, colds, scarlet fever, bronchitis, tonsillitis and appendicitis. As I remember it, our front door was never without a colored card from the City Health Department. Looking back at all this, and remembering my long and many absences from school, I wonder that with my scholastic ability I ever got past grade three.

Athletically, I am not really good at anything, but I enjoy everything. I might state here that once during my futile attempts at sports I nearly killed myself. I drown (and come back to life) when I swim, play a wild leaping game of tennis,

would not advise anyone to come out in a canoe with me because nine times out of ten I ship water, and I take a good bouncing beating when I gather up sufficient courage to ride a horse. In the winter I skate on my ankles and ski on my seat.

I will not discuss my private life in this short autobiography as some of it is not discussable. Nevertheless, if anyone feels that this history is incomplete without it, I will tell of it in private.

My best friend is me and we are the best of friends. Me does everything I want to do without any protest, so we are invariably together a great deal. Besides myself, I am fortunate in having many other good friends, some of whom I think more of.

As for ambitions in life, I have very few. The greatest of these is to be able to do the right thing at the right time.

I have now unfolded to you the highlights of my anything but monotonous life. Looking back through the serious episodes of my life I appear to have become somewhat foolish and lighthearted. I console myself, however, with the fact that this also is a passing stage and implore my friends and colleagues to put up with my silly pranks in the hope that out of all this I may yet emerge an intelligent and serious-minded woman.

ELAINE MORTON (Grade X).

A GLIMPSE INTO AN ANCIENT ORIENTAL CITY

IN South Eastern China there is a tremendous city called Kunming, surrounded by high unsurmountable stone walls. Four gates, North, South, East and West, guard the only entrances to this vast city of the Orient. Each night, at sundown, a bugler blares out the Chinese National Anthem across the teeming city, and the huge gates close for the night so that no one may enter or leave before daybreak.

On the badly cobbled, crooked, narrow streets one sees many strange conveyances such as the ox-cart which creaks and groans audibly long after it is out of sight. This cart is used as a moving van, a moving vegetable or fruit store, and for travelling as we use an automobile. The rickshaw, which is a chair on wheels pulled by a single coolie, is another means of travel. Busses and street cars are unknown, although there are some military trucks.

In the whole city there is only one traffic light; it was put there to commemorate the visit of Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek.

The stores are really very quaint. Almost all of them are owned by Chinese, few of whom speak anything but Yunnanese,

although a very few do manage some words of pigeon-English, a mixture of many languages. Some merchants have their stores in buildings while others display their wares on the sidewalks (where there are any), or even on the streets themselves. A most curious thing is the Thieves' Market, a huge vacant lot with stolen goods scattered all over the grass. Here one is most likely to find all his missing belongings. With the unexpected approach of a rainstorm, there is a confused rush to pack all the goods. Going to the Thieves' Market and buying back one's stolen silver-ware, for instance, is certainly a unique way of doing business.

In the city there are many beautiful rock-gardens and parks. One of the most beautiful is Dae Gwan Low which is reached by a long road bordered on each side by eucalyptus trees and the lake. In the middle of the lake, on an eerie island, hidden between dark awesome trees, is a tremendous temple containing hundreds of gods, of war, of love, of riches, and of many other things. The lake around here is so stormy that the Chinese dare not cross over without first throwing a sacrifice into the water to still the anger of the gods.

As well as the millions who inhabit Kunming, or Yunnanfu as it is sometimes called, there is a huge population which spends the bast part of its life in junks, little boats in which the people sleep, work, and amuse themselves, sometimes keeping with them a few chickens or ducks, on the huge lake. The children of these "junk families" can swim almost before they can walk.

The schools in this city are usually filled by boys, although now that China is becoming more influenced by Western Civilization, girls do attend. The school uniform is almost the same all over China. For boys there are blue baggy pants and shirts (buttoning down the side), and for girls, blue dresses hanging about five inches below the knees, and also buttoning down the side. In schools, the memorizing is done aloud. Regardless of what your neighbor is trying to learn, you chant in a monotone whatever you wish to remember. This system is really very confusing to one who is not used to it. All the writing is done with brushes, and not with pens.

For defence against the outbreak of fires, and against incendiary bombs, a bucket brigade is used. This consists of about twenty men each carrying a bucket of water in one hand and a bucket of sand in the other. When, as occasionally happens, they hear of or see a fire, they grab their buckets and together rush down "Main Street". It truly is an interesting sight.

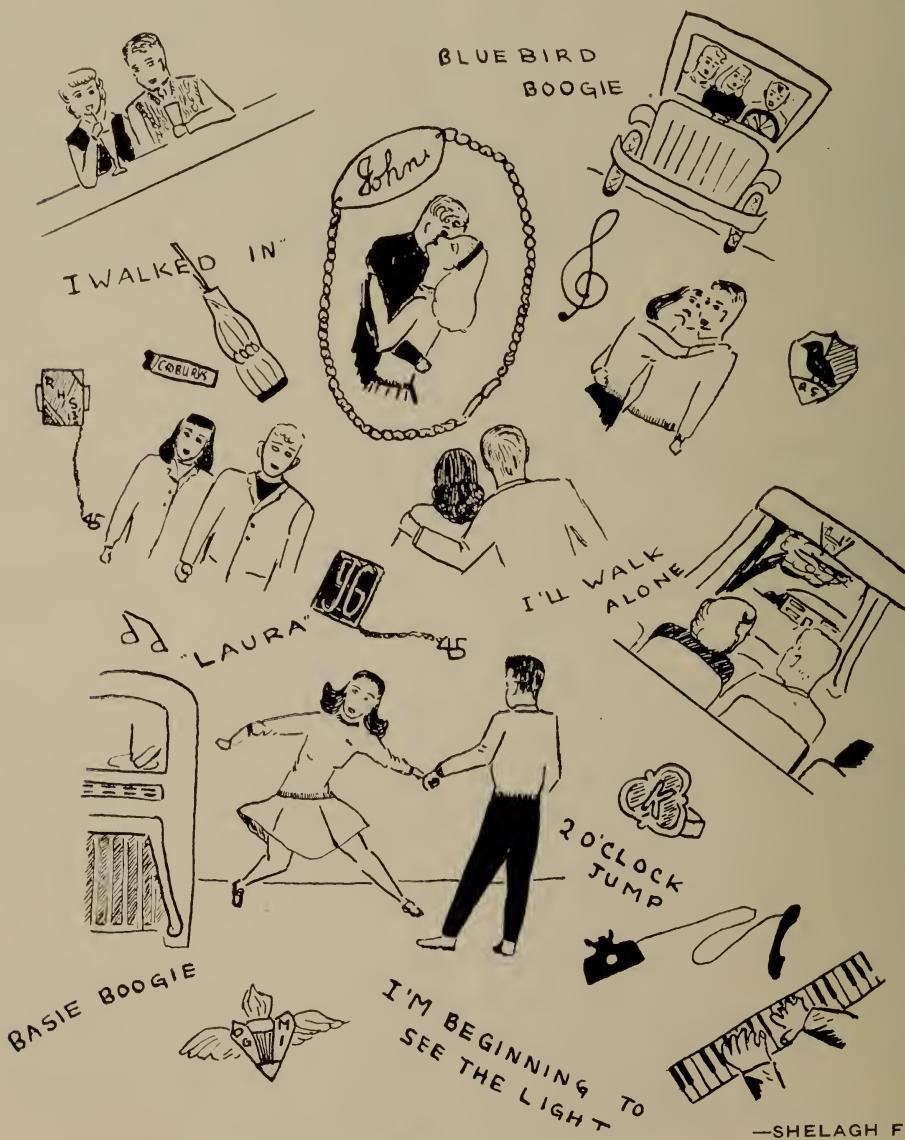
My sister and I gathered one of biggest crowds that I have ever seen when one day we roller-skated down a cement sidewalk. When we paused to tighten our skates with a key, a man turned to his friend and informed him that he thought "the foreign devils were putting gasoline into their tiny cars."

In perfect contrast to this backward city is the British city of Hong Kong, with its

magnificent buildings and residential homes, its street cars, buses and taxis, its beautifully wide paved streets, and its fine stores owned by British, Chinese, Indians and Japanese.

Hong Kong by day offers a great scene. Ships from all over the world lie anchored there, in contrast to the brightly painted Chinese junks. But Hong Kong harbour by night is a sight, once seen, never to

GOIN' STEADY



—SHELAGH FISHER

be forgotten. The soft lights dotted all over the "Peak" shine clear and sparkling across the waves, forming a truly enchanting vision.

Thus I have tried to show you China as a land of ancient and modern civilizations which make her so alluring to all who have once been on her shores.

PATRICIA SPENCE (Grade X).

AFTERMATH

Beyond the pane,
The barren elms,
Etched against the grey suede sky
Seem like the remnants of this war-torn
world—

Gaunt, aware, yet motionless,
In face of tasks more Herculean
Than Spring.

The broken branch,
The ravaged nest,
Symbolic, poignant, mute in grief,
Unsuspecting victims of fratricide,
Plead for peace, bought with a price
So fabulous that only God
Can reckon.

JUNE SINDEN (Grade XI).

"THE BLACK AND GOLD"

Alta Petens, fine traditions, love of what
is right,
Your noble aims, fair play in games,
Teach us to seek the height;
And when we leave your shelter
In life to take our stand,
May each girl throughout her life
Be guided by the light,
The light of Rupert's Land.

"THE BLACK AND GOLD"

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is for the treble clef voice, the middle staff for the bass clef voice, and the bottom staff for the bass clef bassoon or double bass. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The score includes various dynamics such as forte, piano, and mezzo-forte, as well as performance instructions like 'mp' (mezzo-forte) and 'cresc.' (crescendo). The title 'THE BLACK AND GOLD' is centered above the first staff.

Elspeth Young.

POLISH NOCTURNE—1940

I am young—
But I think strange thoughts
In the dark night;
When the bombs
Sink with a sickening crunch,
Those are my bones breaking
In the agony of the night.

I am young—
But I think strange thoughts
In the dark night;
When the rain sounds softly
Through the roof,
Those are my tears falling,
Dropping like blood from great wounds.

I am young—
But even in youth
Do I know
The intangible terror of Death,
The vastness of Night,
The slip of a burning-wet tear.

ELSPETH YOUNG (Grade XI).

WAITING IN THE STREET-CAR SHACK

Has the bus come yet?
Bold would he be
Who would this silence slit
With a word
Or a cutting thread of whistled tune;
The silence hangs
In folds of cotton batting,
A thick, impenetrable mass
Of hidden, teeming thoughts.

When will the bus come?

That woman's hollow face
Is dark with pain:
Her horny fingers twist upon her lap . . .
Beside the streaked pane,
His eyes like scraps of steel, he leans,
Puffing steel smoke
Like a furnace . . .
The heart of that young sophisticate
Is carved neatly, carefully,
Out of hard, red-painted wood . . .
Oh, dear! There goes the bus . . .
—another twenty minutes.

ELSPETH YOUNG (Grade XI).

LES BEAUTES

Je ne vois jamais de jolies fleurs
Sans la pensée qu'elles sont mortes très tot
Comme les belles femmes qui vivent dans
les coeurs des hommes
Pendant un temps si court, pendant un
temps si doux,
Et après cela, elles meurent.
Mais en voyant de grandes montagnes
Je crois que j'y vois une beauté durante
Comme de beaux esprits qui seront dans
les ames des gens
Pour une inspiration de grandes actions et
de belles pensées,
Et elles vivront à tout jamais.

JOAN ARNOLD (Grade XII).

Short Story and Poetry Competitions

THERE were a gratifying number of entries for the Senior Classes (for Grades X, XI and XII) in both competitions, but very few entries, except from Grade IX, from the Junior Classes. We hope that next year Grades VII and VIII will be enterprising enough to compete, and so have the fun of gaining adjudications.

As before, Virginia Cameron, of the "Free Press", judged the competitions with her customary skill and thoroughness. We are greatly indebted to her for this, and for her constructive criticisms, which are a great help and encouragement to the competitors.

The following awards are made:

Junior Short Story

1. Janet Reid: "First Comes Courage."
2. Barbara Cameron: "Fresh Fried Fish."

Senior Short Story

1. Jean McEachern: "Home Coming."
2. Betty Calvert: "The Andersons' War Effort."

Junior Poem

No awards.

Senior Poem

1. Amy Best: "Bewilderment."
2. Elspeth Young: "Polish Nocturne."

"FIRST COMES COURAGE"

(First Prize, Junior Story)

WITH a succession of short jerks and bumps the little train wheezed into Red Moose station. Gay set her cute fur hat at just the right angle over her honey-coloured hair and gathered up her parcels.

"It was hateful," she told herself, as she started down the aisle, "for the government to send her father to India for

the remainder of the summer. Hateful for her father to insist on taking her mother with him," and, as she stepped out into the dazzling August sunlight, "above all, hateful for them to send their only daughter out to live on a farm with people she didn't even know. For a whole month."

With hostile eyes Gay surveyed the tiny station. Suddenly she was seized from behind by a pair of strong arms. A girl about her own age, with a mane of straight black hair had come up behind her.

"You're Gay," she exclaimed. "I'm Liz Kennedy," and, as a tall, lanky boy ambled up, "this is my brother Rob."

"How do you do?" murmured Gay politely, straightening her hat, which had been knocked over one eye by the enthusiastic welcome.

Rob loaded the baggage into the back of the old car, and held the front door open for Gay.

"Liz can ride behind. It's rather rough back there if you aren't used to it," he explained.

In about ten minutes they were there, and Gay was tumbled out in front of a rambling farmhouse.

"This is Gay Livingstone, Mums," said Liz, as a sweet, silver-haired woman met them in the hall.

Upstairs Gay put the precious hat carefully away, bathed, and slipped into her rose housecoat. She had barely finished when Liz burst in and plumped down on the bed.

"As soon as you are rested we can go," she announced gaily.

"Go where?" Gay asked coldly. Couldn't these people realize that all she wanted was to be left alone?"

"Why, out in the fields, of course," explained Liz. "You see, it's the harvest time now and we all have to help. We'll teach you how to run a binder—it's tons of fun!"

Before she knew it Gay was out of her housecoat and into a pair of Liz's old red overalls. Gay shuddered. Red wasn't her colour at all, she looked much better in pastels, but there seemed no help for it.

The next few hours were a nightmare. There were only five additional men working on the harvest, and Rob and Liz were needed as extra hands. At the end of an hour Gay was perspiring and exhausted, but she was learning fast, and grudgingly admitted that it was fun.

The only pleasant aspect was Rob. He really was quite nice looking, Gay decided, and several times she had caught him looking at her.

By six o'clock Gay was ready to drop and in an exceedingly bad temper. Perhaps that explains what happened later.

After supper, for nearly half an hour, Gay soaked in a scented bath, and was out and reading a book when Liz burst in again. Gay looked up in annoyance, as Liz prepared to make herself at home.

"You really didn't do badly at all today, for a beginner," commented Liz. "Rob was quite impressed," she confided. "I think he likes you. It's pretty hard going for him with so few men, but with the war . . ." Liz's voice trailed off.

"Yes, the war," Gay burst out angrily. "I hate it! It was the war that sent my father away across the world, and forced me to stay in this remote country! It was the war that took my brother John away! It's unfair, and I hate it!"

"But Gay," broke in Liz gently, a little surprised by this sudden outburst. "There are others—"

"Oh, I know what you are going to say," interrupted Gay, bitterly. "But why did it have to be John? I miss him so much—we used to be together all the time, and now he's out in Burma or somewhere! And what about those men out there? Why aren't they overseas fighting, instead of home ploughing the fields?"

"Gay," said Liz quietly. "You know as well as I do why they're here. How would John live, if those men and others like him didn't stay home and grow food to send him? How else would we help feed the starving people in Europe. Those men don't want to stay back here, but they stay because they know they are as essential on the home front as John and his friends are on the fighting front."

"I wish you'd go and leave me alone," Gay cried stormily, choking down a sob of self-pity."

Liz went out and closed the door softly behind her. She hadn't told Gay about her brother. Gay would understand—later. Liz cherished memories of a dark-eyed, laughing brother, a courageous brother, a brother who would never return.

Left alone, Gay thought over the events of the past few hours. She remembered Liz's warm greeting, her friendliness in accepting the stranger. She remembered the enthusiastic plans Liz had made for her stay, and remembered how unresponsive she had been. She thought of how understanding Liz had been, compared with her own selfishness and bad temper.

A few minutes later a dark figure crept down the hall toward Liz's room.

Lying awake later that night Gay wondered if it was right for anyone to be so happy. Harvesting would be fun! And there was Liz. Could she possibly see all of Liz she wanted to in a month? Rob—Liz had said that he liked her.

When Mrs. Kennedy came in later she found Gay fast asleep, and smiling in her dreams.

JANET REID (Grade IX).

(The changing of Gay from a selfish, self-pitying girl to one who realized the worth of friendship and sacrifice makes an entertaining little story. Gay is a real person and so is Liz—in fact, one of the best bits of the whole story is the revelation of Liz in a couple of lines as she thinks about her brother who was killed in the war. Though the climax comes rather late, it is well-knit, and variety of action, and well-drawn characters keep the interest going.)

"HOME COMING"

(First Prize, Senior Story)

"WHO'S there?" Mrs. Matthew called from the depths of the chair in which she was peacefully seated, reading a book.

There was no answer. She heard a soft noise as the screen door clicked shut. As the light from the hallway darkened, she looked up from the book; and when her blurred eyes cleared, she saw the tall, angular figure of a man in the doorway—he was a soldier.

Her face whitened, and as she rose, her fingers slowly relaxed their hold on the book. With a bang it hit the floor.

"Johnny!" she whispered, "Johnny! You've come home! She ran towards him laughing and crying at the same time. Grinning, the young man put his arm around her protectingly.

"Sure I've come home, mum. Didn't I tell you I would?" He said this jokingly, but with a hint of defiance in his voice.

"It's good to see you, Johnny. How are you?"

Her anxious eyes gazed at his face, noting every detail. "He's thinner," she thought reluctantly, "and he looks older." She noted the hard straight lines of his face, and the firm, set jaw. "He looks just like his father," she fondly remembered. When she looked at his eyes her heart turned over. "So much has happened to him, will he be changed? Oh God, I hope not!" she inwardly prayed.

A smile played around the corners of Johnny's mouth as he watched his mother regarding him so intently.

"It's O.K., mum, I'm all right. I'm not going to be one of those mental cases that you've been reading about."

He felt her sigh of relief, and his thoughts were bitter. "Although I've every reason to be!" he added to himself.

"You know, young man, you might have let us know that you were coming home today. We thought you were coming Wednesday. Oh, well, I might have known you'd think of some way to fool us and come two days early," she sighed.

"Aw, mum, I managed to get an early reservation—aren't you glad?"

"Of course, you ninny."

They sat there laughing, saying with their eyes the things they would never say with their voices. Suddenly Johnny sobered and asked quietly, "How's Gail?"

Mrs. Mathews looked old and tired as the smile faded from her face, leaving it sad and wrinkled. Her hands played with her glasses before she answered.

"Don't you know?" she said softly and sadly.

"Yes, I know, she wrote and told me that she was going to marry a bank clerk."

As he said this he thought of the day he received that letter. He had been sitting in drizzling rain, drenched with mud and sweat, in a two-by-four foxhole; flak whistled dangerously near his ears, and the sound of exploding shells made hearing impossible. The "mailman" was hailed with joy, and at his first opportunity Johnny had opened the letter. When he read it, he couldn't believe it. It had happened to some of his buddies but it was preposterous to believe that it could happen to him! Gail loved him! She had said she would wait for him! As he read the cold words, "I think we have made a mistake, Johnny, it was just another war romance. I'm afraid we were carried away by our emotions," hot anger gripped him, maddening him. With a muttered oath he flung down the letter.

Lost in his own self-pity, he began to brood. Why should he go on living? Why didn't he just step in front of a bullet?

An idea formed in his mind. Across the snowy waste of land in front were the Germans; to the right, hidden in the forest, was a German machine-gun nest that had been bothering his battalion. Many times they had tried to annihilate it, but had failed. Johnny knew the exact position of it, and he also knew that what a group of people failed to do might be done by a single person. He did not care if he died in the attempt, for what reasons did he have for living? He planned to take a wide detour and come up behind with grenades.

Two weeks later he had wakened up in a hospital. To his dazed mind came the soft voice of a woman, "He'll be all right, doctor, he's coming round."

He opened his eyes slowly. The sound of the voice pleased him. Standing by his bed he saw the most beautiful person he had ever seen. She was a nurse. Her black, curly hair framed her oval face, in which blue eyes twinkled merrily. Johnny sighed.

"Don't talk just yet," she warned with the hint of a smile in her eyes.

The voice of his mother interrupted his thoughts, and with a start he remembered where he was.

"—and they were married two months ago," she finished.

Johnny smiled. He looked down at his uniform, where proudly displayed was the Military Cross, received for single-handedly demolishing a German machine-gun nest.

Then he looked at his empty left sleeve. That was the price he paid. However, he no longer winced when he looked there.

His eyes lighted up, and he said, "Mum, I've something very important to tell you."

When she saw the look in his eyes, and the smile on his lips, Mrs. Mathews said, "I think I know, son."

"She's the prettiest girl I've ever seen,—black, curly hair, and blue eyes that smile all the time. She's a nurse—"

JEAN MCEACHERN (Grade X).

(This is a story with action, good characterization, and a well-built climax, all packed into a small space and carrying itself neatly. The writer has her tongue in her cheek when she hints slyly at the fickleness of men in spite of their I'll-love-you-for-ever protests. While she follows the well-known magazine romance formula, she manages to give it an individual twist—we think at first her Johnny is marching home sadly but she comes up with a surprise in the end, and this is one feature of good story-telling.)

The method of introducing dialogue is effective, weaving indirect and direct speech. In one paragraph we have a pic-

ture of the mother and one of Johny all done in mental flashes, and this style keeps the story from being wooden.

Altogether, "Home Coming" is a well rounded little story which moves briskly and holds the reader's interest.)

"BEWILDERMENT"

(First Prize, Senior Poem)

My curiosity will not be sated,
"The Kingdom of God is within you?"

I am small

Yet still I cannot find the Omnipresent.
There is a Something; that I must believe;
This great creation has not sprung from
nothing.

Yet whence came He that we call God,
Creator,

Loving Father, making "wars to cease"
Only to watch them start again in fury
More intense? Could not an evil power
Create as well a universe like this?
There is thunder in both changeling nature
And in the mind of man. And yet,
incongruous—

Intense blue summer skies, sunsets like art
Of some surrealist, perfected; towering
Stupefying peaks of purpling snow,

Some say this is a phase youth passes
through.

At least, between my childhood and my age
I wake from indolent complacency.

I do not want to be an atheist;
I do not want to be a blinded Christian.
Only briefly my mind, in darkness,
struggles,
And then frustrated, turns to simpler
things.
Yet there remains, in all deep thought,
darkness.

AMY BEST (Grade X).

(*There is maturity and progression of thought in this poem—in fact, in all the winner's work, of which this is the best example. It is evident that she has begun to question the ultimates; religion, standards of society and the ingredients of personal happiness. She has turned a sensitive, questioning mind to the problem of religious faith and her poem carries with it the restlessness and bewilderment of every young person who suddenly realizes that life is the sum of individual decisions.*

A poignant note of rebellion against the compromising adult world is introduced in the last stanzas: "Some say this is a stage youth passes through." The phrase "indolent complacency" in the same stanza is not exactly right for her meaning. This might be true 30 years from the frame of mind described but at the time she mentions, something like "unawakening," "unawareness" would be more fitting. She has kept the thread of her title throughout and the tie between the first and last lines is effective.)

Alumnae Nexus

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PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Dear Rupert's Landers:

LOOKING back over the past year, it has been an eventful one for all of us. You have been busy preparing yourselves to take your places as citizens in the future peacetime world, and we have

been busy establishing and maintaining ourselves as such in these last months before victory is won. It is good for us Old Girls to pause now and then and return, both in thought and in person, to our old School, and during this last year we have had a number of opportunities of doing this.

In addition to getting together with one another on several occasions we have been following your activities and successes with great interest. Those of us who were present at prize-giving last June watched with pride as you stepped up to the platform in your smart white dresses, to receive your "A" pins and scholarships. We were just as pleased as you were when we heard that a Rupert's Land girl won an Isbister Scholarship, and we were again thrilled a few weeks ago when girls from our School were chosen to form a guard of honor for the Governor-General and Princess Alice.

After you graduate and join our ranks as Alumnae, I know you will feel the same ties of loyalty calling you back as we do, and I hope you will get as much pleasure

out of working to help the school and the girls who follow in your footsteps.

Good luck to all of you. If you are going back to school next year, a pleasant year ahead; if not, a bright future. Cheerio.

KATHARINE ROBINSON,
President.

OLD GIRLS' "DOINGS!"

THE \$64 question seems to be—how old is an "old girl?" Who cares! Alumnae have been busy, as these bits and pieces of news and activities will indicate. We're delighted to have the opportunity of recording some of the "doings" in the School Magazine, and hope the present-day scholars will find them of interest. Remember—one day YOU'LL be an old girl!

Alumnae members attended School Prayers one lovely morning last September, at which time our very capable president, Katharine Robinson, presented the School on our behalf with two reference books for the Library.

Sunday, November 19th, was a highlight, for at that time Miss Elsie Bartlett entertained all Alumnae members at an "at home." It was an exceedingly pleasant occasion, and we all enjoyed the opportunity of meeting the Staff, and seeing old friends we meet so seldom these busy days. We look forward to more such pleasant occasions, and the opportunity of meeting together in the School.

February—and we scored again! For, at the annual basketball match between Alumnae and the School, we won a game! (So did the School, but don't forget that we did win one!)

Again in February, the junior members of the Alumnae Association held a "Wurlitzer" dance at the School with Miss Bartlett's kind permission. They tell us they had a grand time.

The annual luncheon was held in April, with Bunny Agnew, one of our vice-presidents, presiding. Charming Mrs. W. McIlhagga, president of the British Wives' Club, gave us a most telling description of life in wartime Britain, and her impressions of Canada since she arrived fifteen months ago. During March and April a hard-working committee under Eleanor Montague Wintemute plunged many of us into the job of selling tickets on a draw for two magnificent pigskin travellings bags, procured for us by Molly McClure. The committee deserves our highest praise and thanks, for as a result of their efforts, we raised the fine sum of over \$550, some to be used for scholarships, some for a gift to the school, and the rest to be invested in Victory Bonds to be added to our "future plans." Mrs. W. D. Love made the

draw at the luncheon and Marion Smith Musgrove was the envied winner!

The annual Church Service, to which all Alumnae are invited, will be held Sunday, June 10th, at Holy Trinity Church, by kind permission of the Rev. Terence Finlay.

We rejoice with Kae Taylor Simonds, and her children, Charles and Ruth, in the success of her famous husband, Lieut.-General Guy Simonds, Commander of the Canadian Corps in northwestern Europe. Described as "one of Montgomery's favorite generals," his brilliant leadership has been recognized in this war by steady and well-earned advancement in rank, and within the past year by three signal honors. In October, 1944, King George, at a ceremony on the battlefields of Belgium, created Gen. Simonds a Companion of the Order of the Bath. In March of this year he was honored by Poland with the highest Polish order, "Viktuti Militasi Fifth." In April he was decorated by the French Government with the Legion of Honor (Commander) and the French Croix de Guerre with Palms.

Charlotte Counsell has been adding achievement to achievement these war years. After several years of successful nursing, she graduated in 1942 from the Franklin School of Science and Arts, Philadelphia, as a medical technologist, and is a member of the Association of American Medical Technologists. A month later she joined the C.W.A.C. Following training and duties at several posts in Canada, she received her commission (lieutenant) in January, 1944, and a few months later was posted overseas with the No. 21 Canadian General Hospital, in charge of the laboratory. For some time she has been in France or "thereabouts."

Marjorie Spence, who has been Army nursing in Italy for a few years, returned home in December for a month's leave. She has been posted to No. 1 Conditioning Centre, R.C.A.M.S., Gordon Head, Victoria.

Lieut. Marjorie Hazelwood, of the W.R.C.N.S., returned to Winnipeg last fall, when she was posted here as Unit Officer at the H.M.C.S. "Chippawa."

Capt. Eleanor Riley, C.W.A.C., is at National Defence Headquarters, Ottawa, and recently completed a junior staff course, being among the first five C.W.A.C. officers to take it.

The Northwood girls do get around! Margaret, who is with the R.C.A.F. (W.D.), was made a member of the British Empire last fall, and is in Washington at present. Rosamund, Mrs. Charles Pritchard, with her small daughter, Tessa, is living in Buckinghamshire, England, while her husband, Wing Commander Prit-

chard, is in Delhi, India. Barbara has been discharged from the R.C.A.F. and is working in the Department of Health and Welfare, Ottawa.

Lieutenant (dietitian) Lois O'Grady is stationed at No. 23 Canadian General Hospital, England.

Mary Campbell sings frequently over radio station CKY Winnipeg, on the programme "Studio Strings."

Mary Carmichael has completed her student dietetics course with the T. Eaton Co. Ltd., Toronto, and is staying on the staff.

Elizabeth Goulding has returned from Montreal, where he took a student dietetics course at the Royal Victoria Hospital.

Laurel Bell and Corinne Smith, W.R.C.N.S., are stationed at H.M.C.S. "Chatham" at Prince Rupert.

Jean (Machray) Newman is a lucky girl! Her husband, Capt. Walter Newman, has been home on a month's furlough from service overseas, and met his new son, David. While home he was called to the Bar.

Mrs. Rodney Greenwood (Joan Bonnycastle) recently returned to Winnipeg from Quetta, India, where she has spent the past six years with her husband, who is in the British Army, and who has now been posted to the fighting front in Burma. Joan has two small daughters, one year old, and three years old.

Mrs. R. D. Baker (Jocelyn Allan) was chairman of the women's division, the Community Chest Campaign Committee, last September, as well as being president of the Board of the Children's Hospital.

Ellen Code Harris is the Vancouver commentator for CBC for British Columbia. Her cheery "Good Morning!" is heard three times weekly by B.C. listeners.

Mrs. J. C. Hall (Frances Code) who has been a most valued member of the advisory board of the Alumnae Association, moved in May to Calgary, where husband has been transferred. Joy, Mary and Christopher Tredennick, children of Margaret Phair Tredennick (who attended R.L.C. Havergal many years ago) have returned to England, having spent the past four and a half years with Fran Hall and her husband.

Jessie (Sloane) Scott has moved to Semmens, Sask., where her husband has been transferred.

Sheila Hawkings is stationed at H.M.C.S. "Niobe" in Glasgow, Scotland.

Flight Officer Jean Wells is with the Air Force in Italy.

Ruth Hoskins, who is a Nursing Sister, is also in Italy.

Private Jean Sellers, C.W.A.C., is in London.

Margaret and Elizabeth Brown, who have joined the W.R.N.S., are somewhere in England.

Lois Cuff, also in the W.R.N.S., is stationed at Halifax.

Anne Duffin is doing secretarial work for a large business firm in London, but she may not disclose the firm's name or location.

Diana and Jill Page, who returned to England last summer, are now at home in Surrey, and still going to school.

Grads of this year will be most welcome in the Alumnae Association. Fees are \$1.00 annual, or \$10.00 life membership, and are payable to the treasurer, Frances Hunt, 244 Elm St.

We haven't put in all the news, to be sure. But this is as much as there's space for, and as was forwarded from various Alumnae members. We've been busy "old girls!"

SURFACE TALK

You sat across the table, sweet and cold,
Your fine, delicate nails
Tapping out a rhythm on the glass.
You were sitting there with me, talking
about the universe, art and politics,
The noon light pricking out the points
Of sharp bronze fire, lighting on your hair.
You framed your words so neatly;
They fell in little cubes of logic,
Distilled and free of warmth and passion—
Your taste was always pure.

A shadow lying deep across your arm
Swung up to touch your mouth, curled
with Cicero;
I thought I saw a richness buried there:
Perhaps it was the wisdom of my longing—
I'm more than half-afraid
It was the blackness on my eyes.

VIRGINIA CAMERON.

MARRIAGES

May 10, 1944—Frances Greene to Private James Gaw, Airborne Troops.

June 10, 1944—Jocelyn Richardson to Rothero Thacker.

Sept. 23, 1944—Beryl Ford to F/O Thomas Lambert, Chown, R.A.F.

Sept. 23, 1944—Maureen Sharman to F/O Cranford Keighley Gibbs.

Oct. 2, 1944—Joan Macaw to Kenneth Andrew Miners.

Oct. 7, 1944—Joan Stephens to Lieut. John A. Patterson, R.C.N.V.R.

Oct. 7, 1944—Sheilah Florance to Sub-Lieut. Alan Webster Macdonald, R.C.N.V.R.

- Nov. 11, 1944—Pat Collard to Capt. Willard John Conde, R.C.N.
 June 24, 1945—Vera Major to E. J. Kennedy, Calgary.
 Jan. 27, 1945—Elizabeth Campbell to F/L A. G. S. Broughton, R.C.A.F.
 March 15, 1945—Heather Leslie to David Tennant, Montreal.
 March 31, 1945—Pat Claydon to F/Lieut. John Watson, R.A.F., Blackpool, Eng.
-

BIRTHS

- Born to:
- Babs (McMeans) Wightman, June 21, 1944, a son.
 Ruth (Taylor) Roost, Sept. 29, 1944, a son.
 Betty (Bole) Radcliffe, Dec. 19, 1944, a son.
 Barbara (Sellers) Dickson, Dec. 12, 1944, a son.
 Joan (Watson) Keith, Dec. 24, 1944, a son.
 Kaye (Milner) Lauder, Dec. 26, 1944, a son.
 Peggy (Moorhouse) Grahame Joy, Dec. 28, 1944, a daughter.
 Enid (Hoover) Day, Feb. 2, 1945, a son.
 Maxwell (Dennistoun) McBean, Feb. 28, 1945, a daughter.
 Sheila (O'Grady) Riley, April 16, 1945, a son.
-

ALUMNAE SUCCESSES

At Manitoba University
1945

- Bjornson Prize for English—
 Anne Cunningham
 Sir James Aikens Scholarship in English
 (Senior Honours Division)—
 Anne Cunningham
 B.A. General Course—
 Murdina MacKay
 Mary Medland
 Sylvia Retallack
 B.Sc. General Course—
 Monica Mackersy
 B.Sc. Home Economics—
 Ruby MacKay
 Joanne MacPherson
 A.A.M. (Teacher's)—
 Meda McLean
 Education Diploma—
 Ruby MacKay
 Social Work Diploma—
 Mary Easterbrook, B.A.

FAREWELLS

Mrs. Edwards, who has been the art teacher for eight years, is also leaving us this year to be able to spend more time with her family. She has been a source of inspiration to all who have wielded a brush in the art studio, and we are very sorry to see her go.

We are sorry, too, to say good-bye to Mrs. McLintock, our kind nurse, who has been forced to leave us through ill-health. The boarding-school particularly, feels very grateful to her for all her care during the past year.

To Mrs. Bowes, our efficient dietitian, we must also say farewell, since her husband is soon returning from overseas to join her. Although Mrs. Bowes has only been with us for one year, she has made many friends who will not forget her.

So, to all our departing staff-members, we say "good-bye and the best of luck," hoping they will not forget old "Rupe."

"Has anyone seen Mr. Rathbone?"

"Mr. Rathbone, may I borrow your hammer?"

"Ask Mr. Rathbone to come here for a minute, please."

Such were the demands that our Mr. Rathbone obligingly met, during his 16 years of faithful service at Rupert's Land. First as nightman and later as day man, he was always friendly and eager to help. We were very sorry to say good-bye to him at the end of April, but glad he was going to have the happiness of joining his brother in the East.

THE JOKE DEPARTMENT

Science Teacher: Mary, tell me what HNO_3 means?

Mary: Oh! I know it so well—but I can't think of it. It's just on the tip of my tongue.

Science Teacher: Well, you'd better spit it out, because it's nitric acid.

Pupil: May I see my Algebra mark, teacher?

Teacher (doubtfully): Do you have a microscope with you?

Mother: Well, dear, did you enjoy your first Sunday School class?

Mary (aged four): Oh, yes, Mummy. First the teacher got us all in a huddle and called off a whole lot of names. All the other children said "Crescent" when their names were called, but I answered "City Dairy".

Autographs

Grade XI



BETTY BAKER



NATALIE BATE

NAME	BLESSED WITH	NOTED FOR	FAVOURITE EXPRESSION
BETTY BAKER	Inquisitive Nature	Her Fantastic Dreams	"It's so . . . o su . . . per!"
NATALIE BATE	Gorgeous Hair	Powers of Concentration	"Has Anyone Got Anything to Bring Up?"
JEANNE BEATTY	Attractive Natural Curly Hair	Thoughtfulness	"Isn't That Sweet?"
JACQUELINE BEND	Dark Eyes and a Lisp	Knowing All the News	"Yeth, But . . ."
AUDREY BROADFOOT	Ability to Concentrate	Her Scotch Accent	"Oh, Jeepers!"
SHELAGH FISHER	Nice Long Dark Hair	"Trying" to Look Twenty	"But, Darling . . ."
PATRICIA GATTEY	Good Common Sense	Knowing All the Answers for Miss Speers	"Oh Deah!"
DAPHNE GOULDING	Wonderful Sense of Humour	Ability To Do All Sports Well	"Laugh . . . I Thought I'd Die!"



JEANNE BEATTY



JACQUELINE BEND

Graduates



AUDREY BROADFOOT



SHELAGH FISHER

IDEA OF MISERY	FAVOURITE PASTIME	IDOL	MAIN AMBITION	FUTURE PLANS
Geometry	Drawing Dogs	Jack Carson	To Raise Dogs	Interior Dec. or Arts at U. of M.
The Merry Month of May	Having Fun	Monty Woolley	To Ride On A Surf Board	Science or Arts at U. of M.
Sitting Up Straight in School	Living	Geordy	To Be A Dietitian	Home Economics at U. of M.
Trying to get the Seniors to Believe What She is Saying	Going to Teen Canteen in Portage	Henry	To Work At T.C.A.	Undecided
Lending All Her Paper Clips	Reading	Frank Munn	To Be A Teacher	Return to Rupe for Grade XII
Using Her Brain (?)	Dancing	Smoky (Her Horse)	To Do Nothing	To Marry A Millionaire
Studying	Riding Horses	Her Horse "Blue"	To Travel	Physiotherapy, Then Travel to India
Supps.	Walking in the Rain	Allan Young	To Pass Grade XI	Home Economics at U. of M.



DAPHNE GOULDING



PATRICIA GATTIE



DAPHNE GRAHAM



WINIFRED GRAYSTON

NAME	BLESSED WITH	NOTED FOR	FAVOURITE EXPRESSION
DAPHNE GRAHAM	Friendliness	Sticking Up for Saskatchewan	"Oh, Heavens!"
WINIFRED GRAYSTON	Sense of Humour and Brains	Getting Giggles in Boarders' Study	"I Was Scared Purple!"
MARTHA GRIMBLE	Nice Eyes and Lots of Fun	Slouching in School	"Isn't That Embarrassing?"
BLANCHE HARBOTTLE	Sense of Humour	Hiding Behind Theo	"I Don't Get It"
THEO JELLY	Nice Hands	Always Having Her Hair Curled	"I Wont!"
JANET KNOWLER	Lovely Black Hair	Sleeping in School	"Holy Moly!"
PATRICIA LIGGINS	Brains	Being A Good Sport	"Yarsh"
NANCY MARTIN	All-round Good Looks	Wearing Two Pair of Glasses at the Same Time	"When's the Next Gordon Bell Co-ed?"



MARTHA GRIMBLE



BLANCHE HARBOTTLE



THEO JELLY



JANET KNOWLER

IDEA OF MISERY	FAVOURITE PASTIME	IDOL	MAIN AMBITION	FUTURE PLANS
Getting Up in the Morning	Going Down Town at Noon	Bob Hope	To Travel	Undecided
Being Unable to Get An Algebra Problem	Having Secrets with Jacquie	Eddie Allan	To Get to the U.S.A. and Take Journalism	Return to Rupe for Grade XII
Work (Any Kind)	Talking to Elspeth Thompson in History	Allan Young	To Travel Around the World	Who Knows?
History	Talking	Anyone with Long Hair	To Travel to the Hawaiian Islands	Air Hostess
Getting Up in the Morning	Reading	Terry in "Terry and the Pirates"	To Be A Scientist	Science at United College
"Ile Sans Nom"	Making Friends with Stray Dogs	"Napoleon" (the Dog)	To Get Certain Boarders to Stop Changing Sat. P.M. Plans	To Be An X-ray Technician
Trying to Keep Grade XI Quiet	Playing with Her Cat	Mei-Mei	To Return to England	Return to Rupe for Grade XII
Algebra	Riding	Gene Autry	To Own A Ranch Out West	University



PATRICIA LIGGINS



NANCY MARTIN



JEAN MCQUADE



EDITH NICHOLS

NAME	BLESSED WITH	NOTED FOR	FAVOURITE EXPRESSION
JEAN MCQUADE	Nice Eyes and Naturally Long Lashes	Amusing the Class in Unsupervised Studies	"Is He Ever Handsome"
EDITH NICHOLS	Brains in Chemistry and Blue Eyes	Dropping Her Books in School	"Hey, D'you Know What, Kids?"
DOREEN OGILVIE	Personality and Lovely Black Eyes	Inflicting Din On Others	"Oh, Smell!"
MILDRED PARRY	Nice Hair and Beautiful Teeth	Jokes (! ! ?)	Getting Pretty Chummy, Eh?"
NANCY PEARCE	Lovely Black Hair	Her Wonderful Posters	"I Forgot"
LOUISE PELLENZ	Nice Legs and Art of Making Friends	Teasing and Eating	"Theo, Can You Do Your Physics?"
JUNE SINDEN	Ability to Dance Well	Spending All Her Spare Time in Moore's	"It Sends Me"
ELSPETH THOMPSON	Being Able to Get Along with All Girls	Her Bright (?) Ideas	"Oh Crumb"
ELSPETH YOUNG	Brains and Red Hair	Playing the Piano in P.T. When It's Someone Else's Turn	"Miss McLean, I've Lost My Book"



DOREEN OGILVIE



MILDRED PARRY



NANCY PEARCE



LOUISE PELLENZ

IDEA OF MISERY	FAVOURITE PASTIME	IDOL	MAIN AMBITION	FUTURE PLANS
Homework	Eating	A Certain Sailor	To Be A Stewardess On T.C.A.	Nursing in the General Hospital
Walking in the "Croc"	Eating	Superman	To Be A Physiotherapist	Undecided
Getting Up At 7 a.m.	Singing with Edith and Elspeth T.	Bing Crosby	Nursing in Toronto	Return to Rupe.
Special Algebra Lessons	Sleeping in French Periods	Little Iodine	Music	University
Explaining Why She Hasn't Got Her Prose Book at School	Sports	It Could Be Anyone	To Be An Artist	Interior Dec. at U. of M.
No Riding	Spending Sat. P.M. in Liggett's by the Bay	6' 7"	To Get Jean Mc. On A Horse	Return to R.L.S.
Windy Days	Clothes	E. R. Stettinius Jr.	To Sing One Song with a Band	Business College
Having to Stay Still for More Than Two Minutes	Anything with Some Excitement	She's Still Looking (She Says)	To Be A Nurse	Return to Rupe.
Wasting Time	Playing the Piano	Winnie the Pooh	To Become A Social Service Worker	Arts at U. of M.



JUNE SINDEN



ELSPETH THOMPSON



ELSPETH YOUNG

Grade XII Graduates



JOAN ARNOLD



AMY BEST



NANCY BRIDGETT

NAME	JOAN ARNOLD	AMY BEST	NANCY BRIDGETT	SHIRLEY HODDINOTT	ISOBEL TAYLOR
KNOWN AS	"Arnold"	"Baffe"	"Bridge"	"Hottintot"	"Izzy"
BLESSED WITH	The Brain Scientific	Brains—Plus	Gorgeous Blond Hair	A Rare Sense of Humour	An Uncanny Giggle
NOTED FOR	Machray House Prefect	Head Girl	Grade XII President	Her Constant Gurgle	That Hair!!
FAVORITE EXPRESSION	"Do You Know What?"	"Oh, Word!"	"I Don't Understand That—Miss Sharman"	"Well, for Crying in the Beer"	"Oh Kids, it was so-o-o-o Funny"
IDEA OF MISERY	No Mail	Theoretical Chemistry	Concentrating	Maths Tests	Essays
FAVORITE PASTIME	Drinking Chocolate Sodas	Getting Organized in French Period	Getting Into Trouble	Writing Poetry in Study	Reading the "Red Deer" Advocate
MAIN AMBITION	To Travel	To Be A Hermit	To Keep Awake in School	To Teach School	To Become a Mad Scientist
FUTURE PLANS	Science at "U" of Manitoba	To Get A M.A.	Home Economics at the "U" of Manitoba	To Attend Normal School	To Attend the "U" of Alberta



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